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AN EXECUTIVE OF LETTERS.

Commenting upon the election of M. Poincaré to the Presidency of the French Republic, the London "Nation" wrote the other day as follows: "Thus the Republic makes choice of a citizen eminently in accord with its ideals, and singularly fitted to represent and adorn its standard of manners. It will now be the legitimate boast of the intellectual Frenchman that the titular head of his State is also a member of the Academy." How many Americans, we wonder, are acquainted with the fact that these words are literally applicable to the man who for some ten days past has filled the exalted office of President of the United States? And of those who are somehow dimly aware that there is such a body as the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and that Mr. Wilson is a member thereof by virtue of his distinction in letters, how many realize the significance of the latter fact for our culture as a nation, and for our standing in the eyes of that section of mankind which appreciates intellectual distinction and has a just sense of human values? It is now the legitimate boast of the intellectual American, as of the Frenchman, "that the titular head of his State is also a member of the Academy." We have long been assured by pessimists that there was no use in hoping for certain desirable things under our system of government—that the Constitution, for example, was practically unamendable, that the machinery for removing from the bench a corrupt judge was practically unworkable, and that the highest office in our gift could not possibly be bestowed upon the sort of American who stood in the opinion of the elect as the finest embodiment of our national idealism. Thirty years ago, it was frequently remarked by those who believed James Russell Lowell to be the first of Americans then living that under no conceivable circumstances could he, or any man of his type, become the chief magistrate of the nation. Well, the kaleidoscope of politics has made realities of all three of those impossibilities during the space of a year, and in the choice of a President the most seemingly impossible of them all. Let it not be said lightly after this that the American people is so hampered by the machinery of its own creating as to be unable to put into effect its own deeper purposes.

The writings of the Presidents of the United States have been collected by the industry of historians into imposing sets of volumes that fill many feet of shelving in all our large libraries. No "five-foot shelf" of culture could accommodate more than a small fraction of these books. Most of their contents, to be sure, are innocent of the tincture of letters, and we know how Charles Lamb would have classified them. The "works" of Madison and of Polk and of Buchanan and of McKinley may not even remotely be associated with literature, and are valuable only for their biographers and the historians of their periods. But in the Sahara of the mass of Presidential writings there are scattered oases for the reader's refreshment. In the recorded words of Washington and Jefferson there is something more than material for history. There are passages which strike the human note, and have the validity of literature because they transcend the conditions under which they were produced. The writings of Lincoln contain purple patches of wisdom adorned with style for which nothing less than the inspiration of genius can account. The epic of the Civil War, as unfolded in Grant's memoirs, was awarded very high praise for its purely literary value by no less a critic than Matthew Arnold. The volume of Mr. Roosevelt's writings is so great, and so respectable, if not distinguished, in quality, as to give their author a recognized place in American literature, and win for him an election to the Academy, thus making him a sharer in the distinction of our present Executive. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson is a man of letters in a more absolute sense than any of his predecessors. He won his spurs as a modest scholar and teacher, before political preferment appeared on his horizon, and no accident of adventitious rank, but his own intrinsic abilities, made publishers and editors seek out and solicit his work.

President Wilson once wrote an essay on Bagehot, whom he called "A Literary Politician," defining the term as "the man who has the genius to see deep into affairs, and the discretion to keep out of them." He has not been discreet enough to live up to this definition, but the indiscretion may be imputed to him for righteousness, and the hobgoblin of inconsistency in this matter is not likely to cause him sleepless nights. Elsewhere in the same context, he enlarges upon his definition. "The literary politician, let it be distinctly said, is a very fine, a very superior species of the man thoughtful. He reads books as he would listen to men talk. He stands apart, and looks on, with humorous, sympathetic smile, at the play of policies. He will tell you for the asking what the players are thinking about. He divines at once how the parts are cast. He knows beforehand what each act is to discover. He might readily guess what the dialogue is to contain. Were you short of scene-shifters, he could serve you admirably in an emergency. And he is a better critic of the play than the players." In this genial description, Mr. Wilson has given us his own characterization, although he would be the last person in the world to style himself "a very superior species of the man thoughtful." But his friends will insist that this is no less true of him than all the rest. And he can do nothing else that will so dignify and exalt his office as the bringing into the discharge of its duties the objectivity and the fine detachment that are the attributes of his ideal literary politician. An emergency has pressed him into the service of scene-shifting, and we expect him to prove equal to the occasion. "New occasions bring new duties," says the poet, but we cannot conceive that in the present instance the duties will be really new. Rather will they be the practical expression of old duties long held theoretically sacred, and now to be performed for the service of his fellow-countrymen in the spirit in which he has been urging them all his life.

In the man of letters as executive we have the fullest confidence. Examples may be multiplied, all the way back to Tyrtæus. Fire-stricken San Francisco and the new-born Portuguese republic have alike, in our own time, entrusted the chief executive function to a poet, and had no occasion to regret their action. Lord Morley and Lord Haldane are shining present-day examples of the man of letters in high executive office. And not the least of the satisfactions with which we acclaim a member of the American Academy as President is that of feeling assured that he will be able to give impressive literary expression to his purposes and policies, that we may expect from him for the next four years a series of state papers of whose felicitous quality the Inaugural of last week gives us a pleasant foretaste. That first address of the new President to the American people offers indeed a striking illustration of the sort of distinction that we have a right to expect from an executive of literary instincts and training. For the simple sincerity and the restrained passion with which it pleads for social justice it will be remembered and cherished long after its author has passed away.

ALL-AMERICA VS. ALL-ENGLAND IN MODERN LITERATURE.

Literature, in many respects, is a game of skill; and all games have to be decided by the prowess of opposed champions. The rivals must be brought together; the runners must stretch away to the goal, the cricketers play their match, the chess players bend over the board. It is of course difficult to make such individual or concerted tests among the champions of literature; but a system of parallels may do something to enable us to award the wreath. Such parallels, in the briefest form, between the contending powers of English and American literature during the middle half of the nineteenth century, is what I venture to propose.

Precedence for the prophets! Due libation and invocation to Carlyle and Emerson! I suppose the final estimate of the value of these two writers must be subjective. It must depend on whether the reader is attuned to pessimism or optimism,—whether he prefers humanity bodied forth in the awful struggle of life, or the dim-haunting presences and thin oracular voices of the gods. Carlyle always knew what he meant and wanted. His energy concentrated in the intense, jagged lightning flash, which eats up the impurities of the air, but perhaps prostrates some giant tree or kills some master of the herd. Emerson is so eclectic in his likings that when you balance all his contradictions there is left a *tabula rasa*. He is like the summer lightning, which flares and fades and does no harm. Emerson, however, has that perfection of phrase which carries so far. If his philosophy is uncertain, his expression is clear. Nietzsche, for example, may possibly have taken his idea of the Superman from Carlyle's hero worship and adoration of brute force, but he gives no sign of the indebtedness; whereas it is recorded that he usually had a volume of Emerson at hand. On the whole, I think that this first contest for place between England and America must be accounted a draw.

Not so the struggle between the two foremost disciples of these men — between Ruskin and Thoreau. Both of these last were apostles of nature rather than of humanity. They perhaps knew nature equally well. But Thoreau knew her as an Indian does, intimately and of necessity; Ruskin like a college professor with encyclopædias and sciences and arts at the back of his head. Both were ascetics, men of the hermit type; but Thoreau yielded to the cenobitic discipline, while Ruskin fought against it and tried to make himself useful to his fellows. Their basic philosophy, contempt for the things of this world, was the same. But the wild tang and original flavor of Thoreau is nothing compared with the richness, the variety, the ever changing wealth of earthly wine and viands and heavenly nectar which is in Ruskin. England scores heavily in this comparison.

Turn now to the two poetic puzzles of the last century — Browning and Whitman. Of Browning's intellectual force there can be no question. He had enough wit, wisdom, subtlety, resources of knowledge, to have made him a leader in almost any field of active life. And Whitman's emotional gift, his oratorical exuberance, above all his profound belief in himself, might have made him a great religious power, the founder of a faith. But both elected to write poetry, and tried by the canons of that art it seems to me that they only slenderly succeeded. However, they have the right of sanctuary in the hearts of their admirers, who account them the greatest poets of their age, and I leave to such admirers the decision as to which is the best.

From that Perkin Warbeck and this Jack Cade of literature I turn to the true Princes of the Purple Line. First on the roll come Tennyson and Poe. They rose together, in poetry at least they wrought on similar lines, they admired each other's art. Poe said that Tennyson was the most perfect poet who had ever lived; and Tennyson called Poe the prince of American poets. In mere verse, indeed, Poe would be overwhelmed by the immense mass of his rival's work, even though his own slender product may have a more rare and original strain. But Poe's prose is equivalent to poetry, and it is by his prose that he has conquered the world; whereas Tennyson's verse seems to be utterly ineffective outside the limits of the English-speaking race. He has had no apparent influence on the Continent, has bred no imitators there. He is so entirely English, so peculiarly the product of his Victorian environment, that he carries no appeal to the revolutionary-minded European. Perhaps he may have his revenge some day when his sweetness and charm, his ideals of decency and law, his Virgilian reverence for the deities of the hearth and field, may again attract the world. At present, however, Poe seems the greater man.

Arnold and Lowell are like the greater and the lesser Ajax fighting behind one shield. Which is which, however, it would be pretty hard to say. Lowell is the richer and more radiant, Arnold the deeper and more poignant. In criticism Arnold is the law-giver and Lowell the appreciator. Coleridge and Hazlitt are their analogues. In poetry the singing god only entered into Lowell occasionally. This god was always with Arnold; but was so checked, driven, beaten back by Arnold's circumstances and character of mind that he had scant chance to do himself justice. I think, on the whole, that the balance of greatness inclines towards Arnold's side.

Mrs. Browning and Longfellow were popular poets, but they lifted popular poetry to a level of distinction if not of supremacy. I should, I think, cast my vote for the lady; but in popular poetry the opinion of the people counts, and the author of "Voices of the Night" and "Evangeline" must be at the head of the poll.

It is difficult to find a parallel for Rossetti in our literature. Perhaps we must hark back to Bryant to find a writer with an equal conciseness of phrase and stateliness of air; though Bryant's austerity set

against Rossetti's luxuriance makes the comparison a little ridiculous. The American poet seems to me the more permanent power of the two.

Christina Rossetti and Aldrich are rivals and fair equals in the short lyric. Aldrich has more of airy grace; Miss Rossetti more of profound emotion.

Swinburne must range unchecked across the field. Our technicians, Bayard Taylor and Stedman and Lanier, would be no match for him were they multiplied a dozen-fold.

Turning now to the novel, Dickens lifts himself so above the age in mass and power that it is impossible to find any American to oppose him. Perhaps with Irving and Bret Harte together an attempt might be made to do so. Irving is anterior, and Bret Harte is in some respects a pupil of Dickens. The former cannot compete in variety or creative force, but a few of his masterpieces have a classic perfection which Dickens hardly reached. And Dickens learned a great many of his secrets from the older man. Irving revealed England to Dickens before the latter revealed it to us. As for Bret Harte, Carlyle thought him superior to Dickens in their kind of work. This is hardly so; but if the American gained much from his master, he repaid the debt by creating a school to which a good many of the best recent English writers of fiction belong.

If we assort Hawthorne with Thackeray we shall have a pair of opposites. On one side there is the tragedian, Puritan, man of solitude; on the other, the comedian, churchman, and man of the clubs. The only thing in which they are alike is a pure and easy style, in each case impregnated with personality. To say which is the greater might be vain, but few will dispute that they are equal.

The Brontë sisters rule a realm apart in romance. The light in their books seems to come up from the ground, as though the hills of the fairies had opened and those uncanny creatures had come forth to make their luminous rings on the grass. They have no real analogues in America, where passion has been so severely let alone. Perhaps the world of Herman Melville is as remote and enchanted in its own way. His credit is but slight compared with their fame, but "Typee" and "Moby Dick" will endure.

Cooper is the largest, the most wide-ranging American novelist. I have reserved him to oppose to Trollope because of a certain practical and prosaic turn of mind in each. They both produce strong effects with apparently little artistic instinct or inclination. The American is, however, immeasurably the greater, both as a creator of character and as the painter of scenic wonders. Trollope received both his art and his subject matter by inheritance from Jane Austen. If he is sturdier than she is, he is also less fine. But Cooper only took his methods from Scott. His matter is novel; it is larger and intrinsically more fascinating than that of his master.

So much for the imaginative writers. Coming to the historians, the balance is against America,—mainly because of Macaulay's prepotent cleverness of phrase. Prescott, Parkman, and Motley could outwrite Froude and Freeman, but Macaulay is too vivid for them. Here again in subject matter the Americans have all the advantage. Macaulay's history hardly unfolds one of the great stories of the world. It is conceivable that it may cease to interest, however illuminated by his festal fireworks. But the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro, the deeds of the North American explorers and adventurers, the struggle of the Netherlands with Spain, have a stamp of wonder and splendor on them which must always attract, though they are only adequately and not brilliantly set forth by our historians.

There are many other writers who range by the side or in the rear of those I have named. But these are enough for a comparative judgment. It seems to me that the American product about equals the English. This is not the general view, even in our country. In our clear air the reverberation of English fame has been overwhelming. In fact, it is a fault with us that we open our ears to foreign voices and shut them to domestic accents. The echo of American reputations, on the contrary, has always had a difficulty in making way against the density of English fog and insular self-assertion. The power of a literary past is also with the modern English writers. Each one of them, as it were, has Shakespeare and Milton, Burns and Byron, at his back. So it is hard to compete with them on their own ground. On the continent, however, at least three of our men, Poe, Emerson, and Cooper, are more widely read and appreciated than any of their English rivals. It is certainly our business in America to stand up for our own if we can do this without gross folly or favoritism.

There is one fact that makes American literary success stand out fiery bright—and that is the scant measure of material reward it has achieved. For all the higher sort of abilities, whether in war, statesmanship, or letters, we in America have always been bargain-hunters,—we have got our great men as cheap as possible. The reverse has been the case in England. Exact figures are of course lacking, but it is probable that Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Macaulay, and Tennyson each received close on to a million dollars for his work in life. With the single exception of Mark Twain, it is doubtful if any American author of high rank ever made a tithe of this amount. Even the less popular English authors have been exceedingly well paid. Thackeray accumulated a comfortable fortune. Ruskin could have got and probably did get large sums for his writings. Trollope and George Eliot received immense material rewards. In this view, and considering also the incredible and preposterous rewards of business men and inventors flaunted in their faces, American writers have done extremely well and have exhibited a self-devotion and self-sacrifice almost unparalleled in literature.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE EPISTOLARY ART is now not uncommonly numbered among the lost arts. The reason of its decline, if there has really been such decline, may perhaps be partly found in what Mr. Leonard Porter Ayres, a statistician of the Russell Sage Foundation, has to say concerning the vocabulary of present-day letter-writing. It appears that this vocabulary is surprisingly meagre. Tabulations covering about twenty-four thousand words show an employment of only two thousand and one different words, of which forty-three are used so often as to constitute a full half of all the words tabulated. The pronoun of the first person achieves a record of nearly eleven hundred, and, contrary to all expectations, the word "soap" far outstrips the word "love" in frequency. Surely we must be a hard and prosaic generation, to judge from the statistician's findings. But let us console ourselves with the belief that the batch of letters examined by him was not up to our average in richness of thought and felicity of expression. There is no good reason why we should not write as delightful letters as were ever penned; in fact, it would not be difficult to find reasons why our letter-writing ought to excel that of former generations. Just wherein we fail has been pointed out, or the attempt has been made to point it out, often enough; but after all is said and done, the letter-writer, like the poet, is born, not made; and his letters can flout all the rules laid down for epistolary composition, and yet be works of art. Is it alleged that our present style lacks dignity, shows too much indulgence in trivialities? Turn, then, to Sydney Smith and see how amusingly he can handle trivialities. In a letter to Lady Holland he begins thus: "I am sorry to hear Allen is not well; but the reduction of his legs is a pure and unmixed good; they are enormous, —they are clerical! He has the creed of a philosopher and the legs of a clergyman; I never saw such legs,—at least, belonging to a layman." Or is the objection raised that our epistolary style tends to formality and stiffness? Consider for a moment the style of Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield"—her correspondence in six volumes is easily accessible. Here are two sentences from a letter of hers to Dr. Parr: "Disease gloomed, and made long my wintry and vernal hours, since I had the honour and delight of conversing with you in Warwickshire. . . . Often in the absence from our little city, do I look back with home-sickness to my umbrageous retreat beneath its spires, especially when the swart star glares." Dr. Johnson's high opinion of this gifted lady is well known. If, again, it be urged that letters now are too curt and businesslike and matter-of-fact, what, we ask, could be more curt and businesslike than David's letter to Joab concerning Uriah the Hittite, sent by the hand of Uriah himself? This early and famous example of the epistolary art runs as follows: "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die." The fault of the feeble or futile or otherwise wretched specimen of letter-writing lies in the letter-writer himself; but plenty of good, incisive, humorous, fanciful letters are written in these days, only they very seldom get into print. The more pointed and personal and therefore spicy and enjoyable they are, the less adapted are they to publication.

* * *

FREAKS OF LANGUAGE furnish matter for endless debate and comment of a more or less learned philological sort, and as all are users of language the discussion of these linguistic vagaries is of universal interest. Professor Lounsbury's remarks on Americanisms ("What Americanisms Are Not") in the current "Harper's Magazine" will please all good Americans who like to believe that they speak English, and very good English, whatever our cousins across the water may say to the contrary. In the English mind there seems to be a tendency to brand contemptuously as an Americanism any term or phrase that for the moment strikes the ear with an unwelcome unfamiliarity, or appears otherwise objectionable; and the makers of dictionaries of so-called Americanisms too often encourage this tendency. The Yale professor gives some glaring instances of the way these innocent offenders "have been shoveled into vocabularies of terms assumed to be peculiar to this country." His first example is "female," which as a matter of fact many American readers must have noted as occurring with rather tiresome frequency in Victorian fiction of even the most distinguished English authorship. Professor Lounsbury might have included in his list the word "commence," which Americans have been accused of using in foolish preference to "begin." If we sin in this, we sin in good English company. There are other somewhat objectionable usages now prevalent with certain English authors, which perhaps a little later, as soon as their irregularity is discovered, will be fathered upon us. For instance, in that excellent novel, "Marriage" (not Miss Ferrier's romance), the phrase "aren't I?" is put into the mouth of the hero, a man of education and the holder of a professorship; and it is to be found in other English authors of the present time. In the books of the popular writer who has immortalized the Five Towns in fiction, the preposition "off" for the more usual "of" or "from" is to be found more than once, as in the expression, to buy something "off" a person. Some morning we shall wake up to find ourselves accused of distorting "am not" into "aren't" and of invariably substituting "off" for "of."

* * *

WHAT THEY READ IN OREGON ought not to be very different from what they read in Maine. The two Portlands are good representative American cities, and the three thousand miles separating them do not mean a like sundering of interests. Nevertheless, eastern readers and others may like to hear from the officials of the Library Association of Portland, Oregon, something about the reading habits

of the people of Multnomah County, over which that growing institution now extends its activities. In light reading, the most popular author appears to be Dickens, with Victor Hugo, Dumas, Mark Twain, and Bulwer Lytton following on his heels. Of almost equal popularity, reports the librarian, are Jane Austen (who would have thought it?), Mr. Kipling, Mr. Owen Wister, Dr. Weir Mitchell, and Charles Reade. Also it is to be noted that the vacation privilege of drawing an extra number of books for a prolonged period is extended to travelling men throughout the year, but "no fiction is included, as trains and hotels supply novels generously"—which cannot be said of eastern trains and hotels, as a rule. In selecting books for purchase, the library pursues no narrow policy. "Nothing human is foreign to us," declares the president of its board of directors; and "whatever has taken literary form, with sincerity of purpose, may be needed on the shelves of a public library. . . . A great deal of criticism arises, however, when purchases are made of books of fact and fiction which can be described as containing insurgent thought or audacious inquiry and criticism of things as they are. It should be needless to say that the library staff has instructions as to the class of readers from whose hands certain books should be withheld, especially in the case of young or immature minds, and a careful supervision is kept at all times in order to minimize possible harmful results." The practical difficulties and inevitable embarrassments of such a supervision in a public library are at once apparent. The Portland library attendants must have unusual tact and wisdom to meet these perplexities with credit to themselves and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

* * *

THE UNTRANSLATABILITY OF THE BEST LITERATURE has long been admitted; but the fact that much of the study of foreign masterpieces, with dictionary and grammar and commentary in hand, results in little more real appreciation of their peculiar excellences than could be got from translations, is less often recognized. While such study is necessary and helpful in acquiring full mastery of an alien tongue, the learner at first does little more than painfully and imperfectly translate the strange words into terms, sometimes far from synonymous, that he can understand. Of course the real understanding of the text comes only when one is so far advanced as unconsciously to think, and perhaps even to dream, in the foreign language. Mr. Price Collier, in his work on "Germany and the Germans" now appearing in "Scribner's," well says of the different nations of the earth: "Each builds its life in words, and the words are as little alike as in the days of Babel; and thus it comes about that we misunderstand one another. We translate one another only into our own language and understand one another as little as before, because we only know one another in translations, and the best of the life of each nation remains and always will remain untranslatable. No one has ever really translated the Greek lyrics of the choruses of Æschylus, or the incomparable songs of Heine. Who could dream of putting the best of Robert Louis Stevenson into German, or Kipling's rollicking ballads of soldier life into Spanish, or Walter Pater into Dutch, or Edgar Allan Poe into Russian!" Pater, by the way, came of Dutch stock on his father's side, and his books would more easily admit of translation into the language of Holland than into some other tongues that might be named; but that does not invalidate the argument, which might have been turned to account in explaining why so many of the masterpieces of so-called translation — such as FitzGerald's "Rubáiyát" and Pope's Homer — are far from being translations at all. * * *

A LIBRARY "WAITING LIST" may not have one established meaning throughout the library world, but its meaning at the Grand Rapids Public Library is interestingly explained by Mr. Ranck, the librarian, in his current Report. When requests for books not in the library are received, he tells us, the books are first of all looked up in the "waiting list," which is a card-catalogue of works desirable, but not immediately purchasable for lack of funds. "There are now," we read, "more than 10,000 volumes on this 'waiting list,' nearly all of them desirable for our shelves according to our best information, provided we had the money to pay for them. This list is referred to and used constantly in ordering books from publishers' remainder catalogues, books for which there is a sudden special demand, etc. Those purchased in this way from remainder catalogues we usually get at half or less than half the original price. The money thus saved more than pays for the work of maintaining this list, which at the same time is used in so many other ways. For many of the requests, no information regarding the publisher or price can be found, and on calling up the requester it is frequently learned that there is no certainty as to the author and title, and therefore the Department is wholly in the dark. For all books requested, the Library endeavors to find reviews in standard periodicals or get information from other reliable sources, where it is learned that many of these books are trivial, inaccurate as to facts, or vicious. Cards noting these facts are held at the library for our information and the information of those making the inquiry." This waiting-list system of book-purchase might be commended not only to all libraries, but also to all individual buyers; for book-buying, like marriage, is often effected in haste, to be repented at leisure.

* * *

PRESIDENT WILSON'S LITERARY STYLE is made the subject of interesting comment from the pen of Professor Bliss Perry in the March "Century." That one who expresses himself in language abounding in delicate bookish overtones should be quick to detect the same subtle harmonies in another, is not at all surprising; and Mr. Wilson, as a man of

letters, could hardly have found a more sympathetic and appreciative critic than in the present instance. Mr. Perry recognizes the coarsening influences to which a public man is subjected, and the effect they may have even on our new President's graceful and felicitous and refined manner of spoken and written utterance. Nevertheless he believes that Mr. Wilson's best writing is yet to come, while as admirable examples of his next best he points to such earlier and later essays as "The Truth of the Matter," "On Being Human," "Mere Literature," "The Author Himself," the papers on Burke, Bagehot, and Cleveland, and other scholarly articles. As a marked example of one whom the wear and tear of high public office refined rather than coarsened, Lincoln is instanced, and the writer continues: "Woodrow Wilson is the first professional man of letters to become President of the United States. No man who has entered the White House since Lincoln has been better equipped by character and training to ennoble and refine the tone of public utterance"—which without a doubt now stands in crying need of being refined and ennobled. Significant at this time become the words long ago written by Mr. Wilson and now recalled by Mr. Perry: "It behooves all minor authors to realize the possibility of their being discovered some day and exposed to the general scrutiny."

* * *

A BUREAU OF GENERAL INFORMATION is what the modern public library strives to be, as well as a storehouse and distributer of good literature. In this attempt the library at Newark, N.J., appears to have succeeded more than passably well. Its business branch, already noticed in these columns, has within the few years of its existence achieved a fame that has gone abroad in the land. After hearing of the many and varied demands to which it promptly responds in the ordinary course of its day's work, one is almost ready to believe that here at last can be found, in the person of the alert and resourceful attendant in charge, somebody who really knows your own business better than you do yourself. Stories are told of the most curious and perplexing questions asked and answered at this dispensary of general and particular information. For example, a street in Ohio, city or village unknown, was inquired about; a man in Pennsylvania, residence and occupation lost in nebulosity, so far as the inquirer was concerned, was earnestly sought; particulars concerning trolley routes to Boston were desired; and all these, with nobody knows how many other conundrums, were answered with accuracy and despatch. Necessarily the store of reference material — maps, directories, railway time-tables, hotel guides, and so on — maintained at a library business branch like that at Newark is rather different from that to be found in the ordinary reference room, and it is perhaps a debatable question whether the services rendered are such as properly may be expected of a public library. At all events, the business branch, as conducted at Newark, is an extremely useful public institution; and until some other provision is made for its maintenance, those who resort to it will doubtless be glad to have it continued as an offshoot of "the people's university."

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REMEMBERING WHAT ONE READS is rapidly becoming an obsolete accomplishment, so multitudinous and heterogeneous are the books that we rush through in these latter days. Not to remember the matter itself, but to remember where it may be found in case of need, is getting to be the limit of the burden imposed on the memory; and it is this ability to direct others to the desired source of information that the librarian and the reference-room attendant more and more diligently cultivate. The schoolboy who, on being asked how many ribs there are in the human skeleton, stumbled at the exact number, but referred his teacher to the second page in the third chapter of the textbook, had already begun to develop this useful but not altogether most desirable form of memory. At Harvard it has recently been urged that the English system of examination at the hands of a board of examiners ought to be adopted. At Oxford and Cambridge the professor giving the course neither sets the examination questions nor corrects the papers, so that a larger and more independent command of the subject is encouraged in the student than in our own colleges, where not the subject itself so much as the instructor's presentation of it is regarded as the all-important thing by the crammer for examination. But, after all, the slightness of the connection between mere memory of facts, of whatever sort, and real culture, becomes apparent to anyone in reviewing his own educational experience.

* * *

SERIOUS STUDENTS AND THEIR "SOURCES," that is, the printed and manuscript material needed by them in their researches, are in this country of magnificent distances often widely sundered; and any system of inter-library loans that shall practically diminish these distances is to be welcomed. The Librarian of Congress contributes some words of weight on the subject of "Libraries and the Investigator" to the March "North American Review," calling attention to the comparative fewness of valuable special collections accessible to the public in the United States, their unsystematic development, and their very irregular geographic distribution. While more than two-thirds of the population lie west of the Alleghenies, only about one-eighth of the important working libraries are situated within this vast region. There is, naturally enough, a huddling of these institutions on the Atlantic seaboard. But a perfect inter-library loan system would do much to equalize disparities; and the Library of Congress, since its removal into its present quarters, and especially since its present librarian's assumption of its superintendence, has led the way in the practice of a liberal and widely beneficent policy in this respect. It now hopefully awaits a more general following of its example, and the inauguration of a more thorough-going parcel-post system to diminish the expense of a nation-wide

exchange of library books in the interest of serious students and specialists. Significant and reassuring is the fact, noted by Mr. Putnam, that not one book has been lost of the many that have been sent out from the library under his charge to distant applicants. The risk, then, and even the present expense involved in the inter-library loan system are negligible as compared with the accruing benefits.

* * *

A GIGANTIC LEXICOGRAPHICAL UNDERTAKING is proposed by a number of English scholars of eminence. At the great congress of historians to be held next month in London, it is expected that co-operation will be solicited for the preparation of a dictionary of mediæval Latin. Dr. Murray, of the great Oxford Dictionary, and his colleagues and others are bestirring themselves in the matter, and an invitation will probably be extended to history workers in all countries to lend their aid in the great enterprise, whose magnitude becomes apparent when one considers the mass of mediæval literature written in a decidedly corrupt Latin between the fall of Rome and the Renaissance. A lifetime devoted to the reading of this mountain of books on theology, law, medicine, philosophy, science, history, and other subjects, would make but slight impression on it. Hence the need of extensive collaboration and of rather minute subdivision of the labor. The standard work in this field of lexicography has hitherto been that of DuCange (1678), of which the latest edition appeared in 1883–7,—a monumental work and a credit to its compiler's industry and scholarship. But modern standards call for a more rigorous and thorough treatment of the whole subject. If the project is carried through, there will be added one more to the already considerable list of scholarly and useful reference works undertaken from the pure love of the task itself and in the sustaining hope of producing something that shall be of benefit to others, *in sæcula sæculorum*.

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THE INDISPENSABILITY OF THE PRINTED WORD, and of that store-house and disseminator of the printed word, the public library, is emphasized by Mr. John Cotton Dana in his ever fresh and stimulating monthly publication, "The Newarker." Forecasting the "Educational System of Newark in 1924," he predicts for the library "a very large influence as a universal, ever-present educational incentive and aid," and continues: "Teaching always falls back at last upon the page of print. Most people to-day say they care little for books and ask to be shown, and at the same time to be told. So soldiers are taught; so were taught the slaves who toiled by thousands at the building of the pyramids. So to-day are taught the men with the shovel and the hoe. The green hand in the factory must see and touch his lathe and chuck and pulley, and be told by spoken words their uses before he can be trusted to mind the machine before him. But this is a busy world; most men must be always doing, and few can be spared in office or store or shop or factory to point out the obvious and to repeat the ancient rules in the ears of listening dullards. And so he who in the pernicious pride of his own dullness is waiting to be shown, is outstripped by him who not only looks and listens, but also reads." Amplifying the familiar railway-crossing inscription, the above writer's wholesome advice to the present generation might be thus worded: Stop, Look, Listen, but, above all else, Read!

* * *

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY'S DEBT TO BENJAMIN ELI SMITH, who died on the 24th of February after a long illness, is so great as almost to eclipse the other services he rendered to literature. As a young man of twenty-six he undertook the managing editorship of "The Century Dictionary," and was afterward editor-in-chief of "The Century Atlas," "The Century Cyclopedia of Names," and the revision of the "Dictionary." In other fields of literary activity, he translated, with the encouragement and aid of the late President Seelye of Amherst College, Schwegler's "History of Philosophy," and later produced English versions of Cicero's "De Amicitia," and edited selections from Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Pascal. In poetry also he early displayed talent, and he painted with skill, besides being something of an athlete, as his college mates can testify. Born in 1857, of New England parentage, at Beirut —his father was for twenty-five years connected with the American mission in Syria,—Benjamin was sent to this country to be educated, and was graduated from Amherst in 1877. Further study in Germany followed, after which he taught philosophy at Johns Hopkins; but what was to be his chief work began in 1883 with his connection with The Century Co. He died at his home at Rochelle Park, N. Y.

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THE STEALING OF LITERARY THUNDER without due acknowledgment of the source of the theft is not exactly a praiseworthy practice. That sprightly and oft-quoted writer on the less serious aspects of library life, Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson, in his department known as "The Librarian" of the Boston "Transcript," relates amusingly his not altogether amusing experiences in encountering the frisky offspring of his own fecund fancy in publications to which they have strayed by a more or less roundabout route, losing in their wanderings the tag designating the place of their nativity. Incidentally he pays graceful acknowledgment to THE DIAL for "occasional inspiration" in his own writing, and adds, truly enough, that he believes the benefit has not been wholly one-sided. To "The Librarian" these columns are in truth rather deeply indebted; and it is an indebtedness shared, as we have recently noted, by our antipodes. The "Library Miscellany," published at Baroda in three languages, reprints in a late number Mr. Pearson's clever bit of verse entitled "The Reference Librarian"—which, however, the editor has not attempted to translate for the Gujarati and Marathi sections of his journal, much as one would have liked to see him try it.

THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH BOOK came under the auctioneer's hammer the other day, when "The Mirrour of the World," printed by Caxton in 1490, with the crudest of woodcuts, copied from those in the manuscript of Vincent of Beauvais, was sold at Sotheby's. The first and unillustrated edition of this work made its appearance from Caxton's press in 1481; the illustrated issue is a greater curiosity in the book world, and the present copy has added value from having belonged successively to two celebrated English artists, Millais and Birket Foster, themselves illustrators as well as painters. From the rude designs in this Caxton production, designs chiefly representing teachers instructing their pupils, and betraying an almost incredible clumsiness in the draughtsman, to the modern photogravure and other mechanical or semi-mechanical processes of book-illustration, both in black-and-white and in colors, it is a long leap, though it was far from being a leap in the actual evolution of the illustrator's art. Not *per saltum*, but *per gradus*, was the long distance covered.

COMMUNICATION.

RADIOGRAPH OR SKIAGRAM?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Exactness in the choice and use of words is an indication of culture and of refinement in ideas. The uncultivated person may describe the color of each of several objects as "red," while one with a clearer perception easily recognizes that there are many hues represented, such as vermilion, scarlet, crimson, pink, rose, damask, ruby, and even maroon. We frequently find "infer" used in the place of "imply," and *vice versa*.

Exactness demands that so far as possible each word should have one definite meaning, and no other. Unfortunately full compliance with this proposition would increase our vocabulary to a cumbersome extent. When, however, we have two words and two significations they should not be used indiscriminatingly, and the unnecessary forms should be dropped.

Dictionaries are governed chiefly by usage, rather than by inherent right. Not seldom words receive their initial impulse from those who may be better versed in some other branch of science than they are in orthography, and the carelessness of others permits an error to be perpetuated. Thus we find a strong tendency among prominent surgeons to use the word "radiograph" to designate the shadow picture taken by means of the X-ray. Exactness is favored by reserving certain forms for given ideas, and in our choice of words and forms we must be largely guided by their derivation.

We have many words in the English language ending in "-graph," "-gram," and "-graphy"; and approved usage, perhaps only through carelessness, has permitted some confusion as to the definite signification of these suffixes. The Greek word "graphein," from which we derive the suffix "-graph," is a verb, and designates the action of writing or making a picture. The result of the completed action was designated by the Greek "gramma," and from the stem of this noun we have the suffix "-gram." If, however, those ancients desired to indicate the result of continued or repeated action they used the noun "graphia," from which we have the suffix "-graphy." The ending "-graphy" therefore indicates an art, descriptive science, or treatise, as in "telegraphy," "geography," or "archæography," and "biography." We very properly use the suffix "-graph" in verbal forms, such as "telegraph," and "photograph." We also use this form to describe instruments by means of which the action may occur, such as "phonograph," "cardiograph," and "actinograph." Etymologically considered, the result of the action should be described by the suffix "-gram," as in "telegram" and "skiagram." The uses of the ending "-graph" to denote the result of the finished action is secondary and unnecessary, and is therefore confusing. It is unnecessary because we already have the form "-gram" with that individual signification. Why then should the form "photogram" have been permitted to drop into oblivion? Why not say "phonogram" and "dictogram," rather than the more cumbersome expressions "phonographic record" and "dictographic record"? In spite of the authority of many dictionaries, therefore, it seems that the form "skiagram" is preferable to "skiagraph" to indicate the picture taken by the Röntgen ray; and "radiogram" is better than "radiograph."

There are three objections to the use of "radiograph," "radiogram," and "radiography" with reference to the taking of shadow-pictures by the aid of the X-ray. In the first place they represent a compound of Latin and Greek stems. This is an etymological offense which, because it is without any excuse, betrays ignorance on the part of the user. It is without excuse because we already have the purely Greek compounds "skiagraph," etc., with the same applied reference, and at present without any further signification. Secondly, it is objectionable because it causes the use of two sets of words without change of meaning. Thirdly, it has been found that a chemical (radium) has a similar power of making shadow-pictures upon the photographic plate through ordinarily opaque objects. The use of the word "radiograph" and its companion forms should therefore be strictly limited to such photography by means of emanations from the chemical radium. It must be remembered that "skiagraph" is not a new word, as it was used long before we knew anything of the peculiar properties of the Röntgen ray. Though old methods have now fallen into disuse, and though strictly the term might cover all shadow pictures, practically it would be well to limit the use of the term "skiagram" to the photograph taken by the electric ray, and leave the form "radiogram" to describe such a product of emanations from radium.

There is another use of the verbal suffix "-graph," as found in a noun, which both usage and reason seem to approve. We have said that the suffix "-graphy" indicates the result of repeated, or continued, action, as found in an art or descriptive science; and thus is distinguished from a "-gram," which is the result of one action. There is an intermediate form which is sometimes needed, a sort of diminutive "-graphy." Several characters are combined into one "monogram." A "monograph" is more extended in signification, and the term is used to designate a short treatise upon a single topic or portion of a topic, generally in some science or "-ology."

HENRY BIXBY HEMENWAY.

Evanston, Ill., March 7, 1913.

The New Books.

WAGNER AND BAYREUTH.*

The story of Richard Wagner's achievement at Bayreuth is of absorbing interest. A genuine reformer in his art, he had all the reformer's troubles and discouragements to meet; but he had also the indomitable faith and determination which lead to success. The thought of a National Play House, where the new operas which he had in contemplation might come to adequate representation, had risen upon his consciousness, and he never abandoned the prosecution of his plan for its realization. Time and time again affairs were so critical that everyone connected with the enterprise was ready to give it up. The Master himself once or twice appeared to have lost heart; but he made a rapid recovery, was ready for additional sacrifices, devised fresh expedients, and went to his task once more.

Miss Caroline V. Kerr has done an excellent work in translating and editing the letters of Wagner which have to do with the inception and completion of the Bayreuth Theatre. Her introductory account is admirably adapted to give the needed unity to the collection. As early as 1848 Wagner published a paper on "A Project for the Organization of a National Theatre." In 1863, Miss Kerr tells us, he produced an essay on "A German National School of Music"; this he hoped to establish in Munich. He had not reached his thirty-fifth year before his mind was filled with the masterpieces to which he subsequently gave form. He had conceived the large tetralogy; and a sacred opera was hovering before him which finally assumed the form of "Parsifal." He recognized that as a dramatic poet he was to make use of the material furnished by German mythology, filling it, however, with a significance that was human and universal. His study of Schopenhauer and of Oriental literature gave him the idea of a religious experience which lay at the foundation of all religions, and out of this came "Parsifal," and another opera of which we hear under the title of "The Penitents," and of which a fragment was left at his death.

In 1850 he tells his friend, Friedrich Heine: "I am now thinking of writing the music to Siegfried. In order to be able to produce it properly some day, I am cherishing all sorts of bold and unusual plans, for the realization of which nothing further is necessary than that some rich old uncle or other should take it into his head to die." In the preface to the first edition of the drama of "The Ring of the Nibelung," which appeared in 1862, he distinctly announces his plans. He prefers a small town free from the influences surrounding the metropolitan opera houses. He proposes a theatre designed strictly for artistic purposes, as he understood them; the coming together of singers imbued with the seriousness and nobility of their calling; the coöperation of instrumentalists who understood what the intentions of the Master really were; and the presence of an audience of music-lovers from far and near, who would make of the occasion a new festival of the combined arts in their highest estate. No doubt in all this he had in mind the great festivals of ancient times. As Miss Kerr very well remarks:

> "Wagner projected these ideas with that fine free breadth which characterizes the mind of genius, but the 'three full years' which he allowed himself for the completion of his heroic musical task — 'Ring of the Nibelung' — became, in reality, a quarter of a century filled with struggles and disappointments, baffling to anyone but a reformer fighting for an idea which embodied his 'conscious mission in life.'"

The work thus remained a matter of earnest endeavor, persistent propaganda, and anxious anticipation until 1871, when it assumed the proportions of a great effort on the eve of realization.

Miss Kerr, following Glasenapp, gives a fine characterization of the men on whom Wagner chiefly relied for practical assistance. There were four — Friedrich Feustel, Theodor Muncker, Emil Heckel, and Carl Brandt. It would be difficult to find anywhere exemplars of greater devotion, clearer understanding, or higher secular wisdom. The man with whom they had to deal was not one to engage readily in compromises; he had an unalterable conception of the dignity and significance of his labors — had anyone ever more right to such self-confidence? — and the diplomacies of the manipulator of inevitable expedients met with characteristic treatment at his hands. The demands made upon him were excessive, but he met them at whatever cost or sacrifice.

Of the four advisers, Feustel was engaged in political matters relating both to the German Empire and to his residence city, Bayreuth. He was a man of affairs, an excellent manager of practical business, a competent financier, and so indefatigable a laborer in the cause that he received the appellation of "the Flying Dutch-

*The Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner. Translated and edited by Caroline V. Kerr. Illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

man of Bayreuth." Muncker was the Burgomaster of Beyreuth, and he gave the new musical evangel his unfaltering attachment; he took a personal share in the task of the Master, and was a bulwark of defense in time of trouble. Heckel of Mannheim was an organizer of exterior enterprises everywhere; he disseminated intelligence widely, and served the purposes of obtaining the necessary financial help and propagating the crusade in divers places. Last but not least we have Brandt, the famous stage machinist of Darmstadt, for whom Wagner had the deepest regard, and whose advice and suggestion were invaluable. He was far more than a maker of stage machinery,—he had to do largely and fully with the positive creation of a suitable home for a new synthetic art that was far more than a mere extension of the limits within which music, operatic and other, had prospered up to the date of that art's appearance. Music was to undergo a transfiguration of all its material,—was to rise to a wholly new and higher plane.

Why Bayreuth was chosen for the Music-Drama Festival finds explanation in this extract from a letter to Feustel:

"The place must not be a large city with a permanent theatre, nor one of the large summer resorts where during the season an absolutely undesirable public would offer itself; it must be centrally located in Germany, and moreover be a Bavarian city, as I also intend to take up my permanent residence in the place, and consider that I could only do this in Bavaria if I hope to enjoy the continued patronage of the King of Bavaria. Apart from these considerations, this pleasant old city, with its surroundings, made an indelible impression on me years ago, and the fact that I am an utter stranger to the citizens of Bayreuth gives me no cause for alarm."

Miss Kerr tells us that in the spring of 1871 Wagner went again to the old hill town, and the "indelible impression" was deepened and the final decision made. It was during this visit that Wagner, who was travelling incognito, fell ill, and Dr. Carl Landgraf was called in to see him. The doctor became the uncompensated physician to the artist assemblage at Bayreuth, and he is assuredly to be named in any account of the enterprise. In April of 1871, Wagner issued a communication to the public, now well disposed to his efforts,—"About the Performances of a Stage Festival Play, 'Ring of the Nibelung.'" In this he reiterated the explanations of his project formerly made. The estimated cost of the Festival was over two hundred thousand dollars, and the means for raising this sum were to be found through the Wagner Societies. The Societies were to issue membership certificates; the holder of the certificate was to have a place at all of the performances, and three persons might share in one certificate. By the early death of Karl Tausig his knowledge and enthusiasm were lost to Wagner, and the main labor of establishing the Societies fell upon the broad and willing shoulders of Heckel, whose wisdom and devotion had no superiors. He organized the first Wagner Society in Mannheim in 1871, and the ball was set in motion.

The rest of the story, with its ups and downs, its manifold fluctuations, its hopes and temporary despairs, may be read in these letters. Here are the original sources, and they are pervaded by the fervor of emotion which belongs to the success of enterprises of great pith and moment. At times it seemed as though impassable barriers obstructed further progress. The Emperor of Germany was appealed to without result, and more than once Louis of Bavaria was obliged to come to the rescue. At last the Festival came into being, one of the capital achievements of mankind, only to sink into a subsequent silence of five years. Then, in 1876, "Parsifal" resounded in the ears of men, and the Bayreuth Theatre was established.

Miss Kerr's translation is a good one; although there seems an occasional misunderstanding of a German idiom. The connecting passages are excellent, and the series of letters becomes a consistent history. It is here that Miss Kerr has done some of her best work, and she converts epistles written to various persons into a genuine chapter of autobiography. It was a fine thing to bring together these intimate communications relating to an important episode in Wagner's life; it was a still finer thing so to arrange and relate them as to give continuity of interest and narrative. The letters are characteristic of the author, who was always a wonderful letter-writer. LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

J. M. SYNGE AND HIS WORK.*

The amount of biographic fact so far made known about J. M. Synge is surprisingly small, and though a book "is shortly to make its appearance that will tell from direct reminiscence all that the world is entitled to hear, written by those who knew Synge well," the promise does not seem to carry a hope of much more exten-

*THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co.

J. M. SYNGE AND THE IRISH DRAMATIC MOVEMENT. By Francis Bickley. With portrait. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

J. M. SYNGE. A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. With portrait. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

sive information than we now possess. The biography in Mr. Francis Bickley's little volume consists of one chapter of nine pages; and that, as far as actual biography is concerned, is mostly padding. Synge was born in Dublin, spent his wander-years on the continent as obscurely as Goldsmith did, was discovered by Mr. W. B. Yeats in a Paris garret in 1897, and on the latter's advice devoted himself to creative work in Ireland until his death in 1909. Such are the outstanding facts of his life.

What effect the years of study in French and German had upon Synge's literary work has not as yet been fully developed, nor is it even satisfactorily indicated by Mr. Howe in his "critical study." It would form a very pretty subject for research, not even unworthy of a doctor's dissertation, though, of course, repulsively modern. It stands to reason that the formative years up to 1897 were probably formative in the real sense of the word. Mr. Yeats's very words that Synge had "nothing to show but one or two poems and impressionistic essays, full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life, which come, not out of life, but out of literature, images reflected from mirror to mirror,"— these words explain, to some extent at least, the wonderful diction of the plays, and enable one to comprehend how this genius when brought into the open air of the Aran Islands could turn to healthy use this morbid care for the word and phrase. Still more might one expect to find far-reaching influences in form and thought, as indeed has been pointed out by Professor Sherman in the matter of Synge's relation to Anatole France and others.

Whatever results might be obtained from such a study of foreign influence, they would not lessen our appreciation of Synge's genius any more than our knowledge of the pre-Shakespearean influence decreases our admiration for the "Comedy of Errors" or "Hamlet." The voice is a new one, as distinctively national as individual. "The Well of the Saints," the chief of Synge's plays, according to Mr. Howe, has elements in common with Maeterlinck's "Les Aveugles" and Clemenceau's "Voile du Bonheur," but it is as wholly characteristic of the Irish national genius as it is expressive of Synge's sense of the greyness of life untouched by the poetic imagination. The play is no less a product of Ireland than the "Playboy," which is based on a story told Synge by "the oldest man on Inismaan." Its local color is perfect in detail; the characters have the complete flavor of the soil, — so much so that the bit of supernaturalism upon which the action hinges is accepted by the audience as readily as are the superstitions of the locality by the inhabitants. The very contrast, too, between the world of reality and that of imagination is characteristic both of the Celt and of Synge. Thus in this play of "The Well of the Saints," two blind beggars, man and wife, weather-beaten and old, recover their sight by the miracle of an itinerant saint and discover that their beauty, which the villagers had made them believe as actual, was the grossest delusion. With their sight they get only misery, and not until their eyes become dimmed again and gradually become sightless, do they return to their former joy in the natural world about them. When the holy man returns and is about to repeat the cure by means of the sacred water, the man strikes the can containing it out of the saint's hand and thus spares himself and his wife the misfortune of another miracle. Their world of imagination is better than that of things as they saw them with their eyes. The same note is struck in other plays. The Playboy discovers himself, by breaking away first from the dull tyranny of a brutal father and later from the fleeting joys of a false state of worship as a hero into the realization of his own spirit, till he becomes "a likely gaffer in the end of all," a poet ranging through the Western World of his vaunting imagination. So the Tramp in "The Shadow of the Glen" holds out to Nora, who somewhat doubtfully accepts the prophecy according to which "you'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm; and it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a tale of getting old like Peggy Cavanagh, and losing the hair off you, and the light of your eyes, but it's fine songs you'll be hearing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear." All this the Tramp holds out to her imaginative spirit, so that she goes out with him to face "the cold, and the frost, and the great rain, rather than live with her husband in a lonesome place the like of this place." And in "Deirdre of the Sorrows" the contrast is carried to the extreme, so that when the world of facts becomes overpowering, the only refuge is death, but death lighted up by faith and love. Just before Deirdre presses the knife into her heart and sinks into the grave, she thus addresses Conchubor, who has killed

her lover and husband, Naisi: "I have a little key to unlock the prison of Naisi you'd shut upon his youth forever. Keep back, Conchubor; for the High King who is your master has put his hands between us. It was sorrows was foretold, but great joys were my share always; yet it is a cold place I must go to be with you, Naisi; and it's cold your arms will be this night that were warm about my neck so often. . . . It's a pitiful thing to be talking out when your ears are shut to me. It's a pitiful thing, Conchubor, you have done this night in Emain; yet a thing will be a joy and triumph to the ends of life and time." Love is as great a transformer of the actual as is the imagination, and in Deirdre's case it has made the world so beautiful that death with her lover is better than life without him.

Synge's genius was much more tragic than comic. His comedy, "The Tinker's Wedding," is probably the least effective of his works. Interesting types of character the tinkers and the priest are, but the dialogue is not particularly amusing nor is the plot very interesting. His comedy is at its best when it serves to heighten by contrast the grim or the pathetic. Thus how admirably in "The Playboy" is the character of Shawn revealed when he disconsolately remarks to the Widow Quin *à propos* of his rival's success: "Oh, Widow Quin, what'll I be doing now? I'd inform agen him, but he'd be sure and certain to destroy me. If I wasn't so God-fearing, I'd near have courage to come behind him and run a pike into his side. Oh, it's a hard case to be an orphan and not to have your father that you're used to, and you'd easy kill and make yourself a hero in the sight of all." The comic spirit in this play which is more marked than in any other, brings out more completely the tragic fate of Pegeen, who sees all her happiness suddenly vanish in her disillusionment. She has lost her playboy of the western world and nothing will fill the blank. "Riders to the Sea" is a tragedy of a whole people who earn their bread on the waters, and it is filled with the brooding and fatalistic melancholy of the Celt. Maurya speaks with the solemn intensity of her kind. It is not the "excitement of the will in the presence of attainable advantages" we have in this tragedy; it is rather the submission of the will crushed by the inexorable power of the sea. When her last son is brought in drowned, she cries: "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening." And how poignantly passion is expressed in the greatest tragedy of them all, when Deirdre bids farewell to the home of her seven happy years as she leaves it for the unknown: "Woods of Cuan, woods of Cuan; dear country of the east! It's seven years we've had a life was joy only, and this day we're going west, this day we're facing death, maybe, and death should be a poor, untidy thing, though it's a queen that dies." And again just before she presses the knife to her heart she says: "Little moon, little moon of Alban, it's lonesome you'll be this night, and to-morrow night, and long nights after, and you pacing the woods beyond Glen Laoi, looking every place for Deirdre and Naisi, the two lovers who slept so sweetly with each other."

And the voice of this genius is new because his people are so wonderfully fresh and clear. What a great language they speak! How lucid and simple and poetic it is! Thus in "The Well of the Saints" Martin tells of the sights the two blind beggars, he and his wife, have: "Ah, it's ourselves had finer sights than the like of them, I'm telling you, when we were sitting a while back hearing the birds and bees humming in every weed of the ditch; or when we'd be smelling the sweet, beautiful smell does be rising in the warm nights, when you do hear the swift flying things racing in the air, till we'd be looking up in our own minds into a grand sky; and seeing lakes, and big rivers, and fine hills for taking the plough." Above all, the voice is new because the author is not concerned in solving a problem or exploiting a theory; it is like the voice of the Elizabethans, which proclaims truth and beauty through the medium of pure art. JAMES W. TUPPER.

DISRAELI AS POLITICIAN AND AUTHOR.*

In the preface to the second volume of Mr. William Flavelle Monypenny's Life of Disraeli, it is explained that the delay in publication was due to reasons of health. The preface is dated October, 1912; a little later news went abroad of the author's death. The passing of a brilliant

*THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Volume II. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

writer is always keenly felt; in this case there is the added regret that death came while the author was in the midst of the greatest task of his career. Of his biography of Disraeli only two of the four volumes that he had planned have been published. We are assured, however, that he had the remaining volumes well under way, and that they will appear in due time.

In the present volume the author has employed the same literary method as in the earlier one. It is to a large extent made up of extracts from Disraeli's letters and novels, which the author has strung together on a thin thread of original narrative. This method has decided advantages: it gives the reader an insight into Disraeli's mental character that no discussion on the author's part could give us. The great politician is made to reveal all the many traits of his extraordinary mind, his love for the fantastic, his ambition, his shrewdness, his faith in himself, his vanity, and the rest: the author makes no attempt at concealment. At the same time, there arises a doubt as to whether the method has not been overworked. It is important to know what Disraeli thought of himself; but we need also to be told what his contemporaries thought of him. To some extent Mr. Monypenny supplies this information, but too often it is given on the authority of Disraeli himself. It may be true that "I spoke with great effect last night in the House, the best speech on our side," and that "my great speech in 1846 . . . was followed by the loudest and longest cheer that ever was heard in the House of Commons," but we ought to have more evidence.

The volume covers a period of nine years, beginning with Disraeli's first appearance in parliament in 1837 and closing with his successful overthrow of Sir Robert Peel in 1846. A chapter is given to his marriage, and another to his stay in Paris during the winter of 1842–3; but the bulk of the narrative is devoted to literature and politics, two subjects that were closely related in Disraeli's mind. Mr. Monypenny has studied his subject from three sides: he sees him as a parliamentary orator, as a novelist, and as a political theorist. Disraeli the statesman will be the subject of future volumes; for in his career previous to 1846 there were no clear indications that he would ever develop constructive statesmanship; nor would anyone have guessed in the days when he had to remain indoors for fear of his creditors that he would some day prove a fairly successful chancellor of the exchequer.

Considerable attention is given to Disraeli's career as a parliamentary orator. The story of his maiden speech, when the radicals and the Irishmen howled him down, is told in detail, and the author shows that it was Disraeli's own fault that he received such rough treatment: he went "out of his way to provoke the hostility of the Irish, on whom the traditions of the House were least likely to impose restraint." Ten days later he was again on the floor, and was satisfied with the impression that he made: "I spoke again last night and with complete success." Three months later he made an unusually effective speech, and "sat down amid loud cheers"; but he adds: "No one cheered me more vehemently than Hobhouse, who was a little drunk." Before he had been six months in the House, it seems that the press as well as parliament had begun to take him seriously. At least such is his own belief.

> "I made a most brilliant and triumphant speech last night—unquestionably and agreed upon by all hands the crack speech of the night. . . . Every paper in London, Radical, Whig, or Tory, has spoken of my speech in the highest terms of panegyric, except the wretched Standard, which, under the influence of that scoundrel Maginn, always attacked me before I was in parliament, and now always passes over my name in silence."

The author also discusses Disraeli's oratorical mannerisms, his monotonous drawl, his careless gestures, and the indifferent manner that he employed until he reached the really important parts of his speech, when he would suddenly rise to the occasion and give the enemy thrust after thrust.

Two chapters are devoted to Disraeli's novels of this period, "Coningsby" and "Sibyl." Mr. Monypenny rates these very high, whether regarded as works of art or as political treatises. But he is not oblivious to the defects in Disraeli's literary art,—chiefly his inability to keep his purpose from dominating the story. The author's discussion of these novels is most illuminating. "'Coningsby' can be regarded either as a work of art, or as the manifesto of Young England." The chapter on Young England, a group of dreamers who looked to Disraeli as a leader, serves as an excellent introduction to the discussion of the novel itself, for some of the members of Young England appear as characters in the story. In "Sibyl" Disraeli gives us a study of conditions among the impoverished industrial classes. It is Mr. Monypenny's opinion that although "Sibyl" has been a favorite "with the critics and with the elect," it is really inferior to "Coningsby."

"Coningsby" is important for the study of

Disraeli as a political theorist, because in this book he develops his ideas of historical Toryism; "Sibyl," because in this he shows the necessity of combining the older Tory idea with that of social reform. In tracing the growth of the new Toryism, Mr. Monypenny finds that Disraeli was not disloyal to his early radical convictions when he became a member of the conservative party. With his conservative friends he emphasized the historic elements of the English constitution,—the land, the church, and above all the monarchy. But he did not stop there: he realized that the industrial revolution had produced a new set of social conditions, and that the call for social reform should be heeded. Monarchy, as he viewed it, did not exist merely to conserve the existing institutions; it was to serve as the agent of the nation in effecting social reform.

"For him in the political cosmos there are two great realities — the throne at the centre, and the People at the circumference; and on the maintenance of their normal and unimpeded interaction the health and balance of all depends. 'The privileges of the multitude and the prerogatives of the Sovereign had grown up together, and together they had waned'; together also they were to be redeemed from the selfish oligarchy which had usurped them, and the not less selfish and only less narrow middle class which had now taken the place of the oligarchy. That, briefly stated, is the Disraelian position. There is no shrinking, as we can see, from democracy as such, though there is a shrinking from a sudden transference of power to a neglected and entirely uneducated democracy."

It was, however, not as the exponent of a political theory, but as the supporter of a questionable economic expedient, the corn laws, that Disraeli mounted to leadership. The fight over the corn laws is told in considerable detail. An effort is made to show that Disraeli was absolutely honest in his opposition, and that he had given Peel warning in several notable speeches that an attempt to abandon protection might bring them to the parting of the ways. It is in his discussion of this conflict that Mr. Monypenny shows most clearly his own political bias; this part of the narrative is therefore likely to meet with some criticism. For the author holds that the abolition of the corn laws ruined English agriculture, while it brought no help to Ireland; that the apparent prosperity of England in the following years was not due to the repeal, but to other causes: "the great development of steam and railways that was proceeding when it was adopted, and the gold discoveries in California and Australia that soon followed"; and, finally,—

"The repeal of the Corn Laws was the first decisive step in that policy of sacrificing the rural life of England to a one-sided and exaggerated industrial development which has done so much to change the English character and the English outlook, and which it may not impossibly be the business of subsequent generations to endeavor to retrace."

It is also a question whether the author is just in his treatment of Sir Robert Peel. He admits that morally Peel was superior to Disraeli; Disraeli's flat denial in the House of Commons that he had ever asked Peel for an office would make another conclusion impossible. Mr. Monypenny makes no attempt to excuse the falsehood; he adds, however, "Let the politician who is without sin in the matter of veracity cast the first stone." But, he argues, "there is not only a moral but an intellectual integrity, and in intellectual virtue Peel was as much the inferior of Disraeli as in the moral he was his superior."

It is likely that too much is made of Disraeli's devotion to principle; for it seems impossible to disguise the fact that he was, after all, a political adventurer, who would leap at an opportunity like that afforded by the plight of the squires who were threatened by Peel's proposed legislation. But except in matters related to the great battle in 1846, the author shows rare judgment and writes in a spirit of evident fairness. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Monypenny wrote in the year 1912, in an atmosphere full of schemes for future corn laws and other forms of protection; in such an atmosphere it would be difficult for the judgment of a Tory to maintain an even balance.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE.*

Several years ago Mr. Frank Harris, the London editor and dramatic critic, published a work on "The Man Shakespeare," in which he professed to read the inner history of Shakespeare from youth to decline by finding him thinly disguised in his dramas under a recurrent type-character, now, for example, as Orsino, now as Hamlet, and now as Antony. Mr. Harris's new volume of studies, reprinted from "The English Review," are in effect a continuation of the same theme. By "The Women of Shakespeare" are meant primarily the four actual women who had most to do with the shaping of Shakespeare's life and sentiments—his mother, wife, mistress, and daughter. These women, like Shakespeare himself, Mr. Harris

*THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

finds portrayed more or less faithfully in successive characters in the dramas, and he freely employs such phrases as Cleopatra-Fitton and Judith-Marina to convey his meaning. Naturally, the chief emphasis is upon the mistress, Mary Fitton, Queen Elizabeth's maid-of-honor. It was she, Mr. Harris believes, who is to be credited with the development of Shakespeare's tragic power, working in his soul and art a transformation paralleled (shall we say?) only in such histories as those of Dante and Petrarch.

The matter of the volume is not entirely new. We have long been familiar, for instance, with the attempt to identify "the whitely wanton with a velvet brow" of "Love's Labor's Lost" with the dark lady of the sonnets, and this latter with Mary Fitton. But Mr. Harris goes far beyond these slight conjectures, and attempts to extract from the plays not only, as already stated, a spiritual history, but even definite biographical details. For example, a scene in "Coriolanus" makes him "feel that Shakespeare's mother on her death-bed had probably begged something of Shakespeare which he had granted very reluctantly," that she had, in fact, "made him promise to be reconciled to his wife." A declaration so bold as this excites one's curiosity to know by what process of deduction the author arrives at his conclusions. Example will be more satisfactory than description. Speaking of "Coriolanus," he says:

> "The wife plays hardly any part in the drama; the whole interest is concentrated on the mother and son. . . . The speech of Coriolanus when he is on the point of yielding to his mother's pleading is impossible in the mouth of a Roman general, but is all the more characteristic of Shakespeare at this time:
>
> Like a dull actor now
> I have forgot my part, and I am out,
> Even to a full disgrace. . . .
> . . . You gods! I prate,
> And the most noble mother of the world
> Leave unsaluted: sink my knee, i' the earth
> Of thy deep duty more impression show
> Than that of common sons. . . .
>
> Surely in the last lines of this self-revealing speech we catch an echo of Shakespeare's pride in himself and his intense admiration of his mother. Why should Coriolanus praise his mother to us?"

It seems to us rather more pertinent to ask, Why should Shakespeare praise *his* mother to a London audience? But if that is not convincing, perhaps the following may be — this time with reference to "Antony and Cleopatra":

> "Shakespeare had been in love with Mary Fitton for years. She had got into his blood, and he could not but paint her for us in act after act, in a dozen differing moods. Even Shakespeare's intellectual conscience Enobarbus cannot control himself when he speaks of her:
>
> I saw her once
> Hop forty paces through the public street;
> And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
> That she did make defect perfection
> And, breathless, power breathe forth.
>
> This incident seems to me a veritable performance of Mary Fitton reported by Shakespeare. It must have made a deathless impression on him. Not only does it throw Enobarbus off his perfect balance: but it is in itself too peculiar to be imagined and is besides not at all in keeping with the character of the sensual queen. It reminds us too directly of the bold sonnet-heroine. That insistence upon 'power' strikes the same note as in Sonnet 150:
>
> O from what power hast thou this powerful might?"

In the chapter on "All's Well that Ends Well" Mr. Harris makes out a strong case for the identification of Bertram's character with that of Lord Herbert, and the plausibility of this portion bespeaks serious consideration for his entire argument. But, unfortunately, nowhere else does assent follow so readily, and very often one feels compelled to enter an emphatic denial. That Hamlet upbraiding his mother and beseeching her to abandon the King should be really Shakespeare reproaching Mary Fitton and begging her to cast off Lord Herbert, appears little short of ridiculous. And when, a little later, we are told that the unnatural cruelty of Hamlet in speaking with such contempt of the slain Polonius —

> "I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room"—

is only to be explained by the fact that "Shakespeare is here again thinking of Herbert, the real object of his hate, whom often in imagination he had killed with one quick thrust," one feels bound to protest that if this indeed be so, the creator of Hamlet was insane. If Mr. Harris were not so serious and so evidently convinced by his own reasoning, we should be disposed to think it all a deliberate hoax, perpetrated possibly with the object of showing the Baconians how, with persistence enough, one can read anything he pleases into the text of Shakespeare.

Not the least strange part of it all is the author's fancy that his discovery somehow glorifies Shakespeare, even while he calls him a snob and a sensualist. He appears to think that now, for the first time, in the light of this new truth, is Shakespeare revealed in all his essential humanity, and his character clothed with flesh and blood. But surely this is just what all men have always seen in Shakespeare. Life, we grant,—indeed, we insist,—he must have known to the core. What we refuse to believe, even granting the Herbert-Fitton episode, which is by no means established, is that he should have kept so narrowly within the pale of his personal experience

and hugged so closely his private wrongs that he merely transcribed them, schoolboy-like, into his plays, instead of transmuting them into that wonderful pageant of universal human passions that spectators and readers alike have taken them to be. Mr. Harris exclaims, in a moment which to a mere "mandarin-professor" looks like the very ebullition of hysteria, "What a pity it is that Shakespeare and Mary Fitton do not sleep together in the great Abbey!" But if we were once convinced of what he asserts so exultantly, that many of the plays, including all the greatest ones, actually "reek of" Mary Fitton, we should feel with an immeasurable sadness that our idol was dethroned and should close our Shakespeares forever. Happily, not many of us are likely to be convinced.

ALPHONSO GERALD NEWCOMER.

MYSTICISM: WHITHER BOUND?*

The world will not cease to demand from mysticism some firm human significance. Lacking this, a new mystic vision may indeed carry us off our feet for a time, but we will not fly far with it. Possessing this, it may transport us to very strange shores: we will "adventure for such merchandise." History is instinct with this demand, and general thought will make it continually more pressing. Surely it is destined, working its way to the very roots of mysticism, to cultivate in time a hardier plant and lovelier flowers than have been.

But just at present the process is acute and debilitating. The blossoms are not only strange but inherently fragile,—for instance, those that blow in M. Maeterlinck's garden. Graceful and assiduously tended as these are, they can scarce draw one's approbation unmixed with the regret "that it should come to this"! Especially calculated to stir the Hamlet in one, are the essays on Emerson, Novalis, and Ruysbroeck in their English dress. The translation, though on the whole adequate, is frequently the reverse of subtle, and in any case much of the original color and perfume was bound to flee the language of shop-keepers; moreover, the studies in the volume represent, as the translator remarks, the sources of Maeterlinck's "philosophic inspiration." As a result, his views confront the Anglo-Saxon reader in barer outline than ever before,—and readers are likely to be numerous on account of the author's popularity. Many who have seen Maeterlinck through the general haze which hangs about him may be induced now to ponder somewhat thoughtfully the bare essentials of his mysticism. Indeed, although the essays are not new, they have now a fresh importance. They provide, unintentionally, a timely "Past and Present." Joining with certain other influences which are working in the same direction, they will help compel our attention for the present state of mysticism. And more general meditation upon this subject should react to the good of mysticism itself,—should indirectly hasten its period of firmer growth. Whither is it bound?

Mysticism comprises two main spiritual states, fundamentally inseparable and complementary but nevertheless distinct: an apocalyptic, in which truth seems merely to be revealed; and a humanly creative, so to speak, in which new truth seems brought into existence. At times, the dreamer is contemplating a transcendent picture from which a veil has dropped; again, he is himself the artist, painting with divine colors a scene not yet known to heaven or earth. For him, the joy of strangely mingled self-forgetfulness and creative exultation is for the moment all-sufficient. He relegates to colder hours, or to other persons, the pursuit of a rational harmony. This pursuit reduces the two mystic states to aspects of what has so far appeared, in the world's net verdict, a persistent dualism presenting such further discords as "the one and the many," good and evil, eternity and time. Yet all considerable attempts at harmonizing these discords have soon reacted upon the nature of mysticism itself—have been the true parents, indeed, of all mystic visions which have attained lasting human significance.

Where, then, will the pursuit of harmony next lead us? The effect of modern thought, certainly, has been to deepen the human terms of the old paradox. The tap-root of them all, plainly, is "time"—roughly represented in ordinary speech by such expressions as flux, evolution, human progress, and the like: time in the largest sense of the word. This fact has been more and more firmly established among us,—on the one hand by those who look askance on everything from Rousseau to Bergson, and on the other by those optimists—spiritual children of Comte—who find the direct line of progress passing through the middle of our epoch. So that the central stream of human thought, if it follows its old commonplace pro-

*ON EMERSON, and Other Essays. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Montrose J. Moses. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

cedure of issuing about midway between the conservative and radical channels, can scarcely do so without being colored, more deeply than before, with the current of time. That color will slowly work its way — in just what degree it is impossible to foretell, although certainly not in the Bergsonian degree — through the general conception of ultimate reality. To this result the majority of nineteenth century writers, most often unwittingly, have made significant contributions. Even those have done so who, like Carlyle and Browning, affected independence of the age's trend and rendered inborn homage to "the Quiet" overhead. For by uniquely emphasizing, in effect, the lasting significance of human labor, "the many," even evil, and various other constituents of the human drama, they edified the very plot and frame of that drama — time itself. They all abetted time's invasion of the Quiet's realm. It seems that the central push of history was behind them.

The eventual result for mysticism will be to intensify what was termed above its humanly creative mood. Implicit in this mood is the recognition that time possesses at bottom some ultimate reality. Nor will the intensification of that mood make it dissonant with the apocalyptic state in which time's shackles seem to be loosed. For it is surely the function and value of mysticism to solve, as the world grows older, deeper discords than of yore. And the mystic himself may experience increasingly rich returns. The truth which he discovers will never again, indeed, have the pure simplicity and the static completeness of the Platonic vision. But if the divine excellence shall show some inherent need of development, it will evince also a transcendent capability for such unfolding. And the rapture of perceiving this excellence will be mingled more than ever with the deep joy of creatively aiding in that development. A prevision of this joy appears in Emerson: the "Oversoul" is overlaid with a peculiarly creative "Self-Reliance" — fruit of a long growth of human thought which in him attained a prophetic, if premature, harmoniousness.

In Maeterlinck's essay on Emerson, however, the thought-foundation has faded from view, and the self-reliance been reduced to a succession of receptive moods. How strangely thin, then, here as in the writings of Emerson's less noted present-day disciples, does the Oversoul appear! And it is this sort of soul — "a capricious and hidden thing" he once well terms it — which the author pursues through the remaining two essays, and distills into a haze of imagery. Mystic imagery, rather than mystic vision with its large background of thought, is what attracts him, — notably in Ruysbroeck. The book is therefore thoroughly characteristic of contemporary mysticism. For this has fallen into the twofold estate produced always by periods of transition: its apocalypse is weak, and its humanly creative vision is merged largely in a predilection for symbolism. Fleeting impressions of vague greatnesses — often light shadows of past gods — are elaborated through a finely graduated scale of symbolic images. Pick up almost any present literary production tinged with mysticism — be it American lyric, German reverie, or Russian novel — and you are told the same story. It throws one's thoughts, distressingly, upon the merely latent, *inert* aspect of reality. The oversoul, without firm human foundation, easily sinks to an undersoul. Those highest "peaks" of our being, for instance, that Maeterlinck talks so much about, — do they not quickly turn, if one rubs one's eyes, into mere inverted images of valleys?

To be sure, it is well to be made conscious of our needs; such a condition is pre-essential to reconstruction. And if the pursuit of symbolism cannot fulfil those needs, nevertheless it has a certain secondary value. At its best, present-day literary mysticism is cultivating the high meaning of the small familiar things of life; it is thus contributing in a minor fashion to that humanizing of mysticism which is bound in the future to run its course. And, indeed, flashes of truly constructive insight, indicating a development of fresh vitality in the general direction outlined above, are not wanting: witness the first part of Maeterlinck's essay on Novalis. But naturally the new harmony, in which time, with its increased reality, shall be reconciled again with eternity, must be built up not in the proper sphere of mysticism but in that of religious thought. Browning's optimistic attempt at overcoming this discord was not merely Victorian, but also prophetic; though smiled at nowadays, to be sure, by many of the critical, it has obviously met a real need vaguely apprehended by the public mind. Other religious or semi-religious thinkers, among them Professor Eucken, have been more or less consciously contributing to the coming result. In the meantime, mysticism is on the whole worshipping "an unknown God." Whenever it has done this in the past, it has left, in its decay, no large kernel of human significance.

George Roy Elliott.

Problems of Labor and Industry.*

An eminent economic authority of a past generation once said that, while production to a large extent is governed by fixed and immutable laws, the distribution of wealth varies according to the laws and customs of a country,—one being fixed by nature, the other by society. If this is true (and there seems to be a consensus of opinion in that direction) the present industrial unrest is caused by the desire for a more equitable distribution of the fruits of human toil among the several producers. The capitalist has always been able to take care of himself, but now the laborer is coming into his own more than ever before in industrial history. Both capital and labor are indispensable factors in production, and through peaceful adjustments of difficulties right understanding and mutual well-being must be brought about. Discontent, to be effective, must express itself; and even if the proposed remedies vary, as they do in the four books here considered, the inevitable outcome must be social progress.

Sir Arthur Clay discusses in "Syndicalism and Labor" the rise of militant methods in labor circles, and adds some notes upon various aspects of social and industrial questions of the day. The origin of Syndicalism is briefly described, and concerning its meaning we read:

> "It may be correctly used to designate the system adopted by any association of persons formed to further common interests; but in France of late years it has acquired a special meaning, and is now generally understood to denote the policy of the 'Confédération Générale du Travail,' the object of which is the destruction by force of the existing organisation, and the transfer of industrial capital from its present possessors to Syndicalists, or in other words to the revolutionary Trade Unions. The means by which this object is to be secured is the General Strike."

One faction looks to revolutionary methods, while the other to constitutional means, to accomplish their ends. The intellectual justification of Syndicalism in the writings of Sorel is thus stated:

> "In the absence of a virile and energetic middle class, human progress is impossible. In these latter days this class has become degenerate and cowardly. The only chance for its regeneration is that it should be compelled to fight for its existence. The war of classes taught by the doctrine of Syndicalism can alone supply this necessary stimulant; therefore to teach this doctrine is to serve the true interest of humanity."

In other words, Syndicalism is advocated as a religion. The larger part of Sir Arthur Clay's book is devoted to an historical *résumé* of the development of Syndicalism in France, Sweden, Italy, Spain, and the United Kingdom. Then follow chapters on trade unionism in England, and the influence upon it of growing socialistic sentiment. The position of the author is that of an extreme Tory, and the "sacred rights of property" are emphasized to the neglect of even the most conservative and humane considerations. All trades unions are regarded as necessarily anti-social bodies, and their present tendencies are viewed with alarm. Although written almost entirely from secondary sources, and despite its reactionary tone, the book contains an interesting account of the ideas and growth of Syndicalism.

Unlike the previous volume, Mr. Portenar's book on "Organized Labor" is a discussion of labor problems and how to meet them written from a trade-union point of view. The author is a member of the Typographical Union, and his views are therefore not theoretical but the result of actual experience. The lesson to him of the McNamara affair, with all its attendant results, is not the necessity for a breaking up of trade unionism but for its more thorough organization. The way out is by peaceful means. Then, after a consideration of some of the existing grievances, the author says:

> "Hence the first answer to the question, What shall we do? is a negative. We shall not resort to open or furtive violence. Those to whom an ethical reason is sufficient need not be urged to refrain from it. Those who see in it a means of advancement should be satisfied that the best to be hoped from it is temporary gain, certain to be followed by punishment for the guilty and disaster for the movement. The two reasons together should control us all."

A chapter is then devoted to Syndicalism, and its exposition in this country by the Industrial Workers of the World. Here also the writer takes the evolutionary and not the revolutionary view, and condemns the idea of the "irritation" strike as a common feature of industrial life. The way out is rather by coöperation for mutual benefit and protection. Organization by industry as allied trades, with arrangements for the arbitration of grievances with employers, is strongly urged. But even with this ideal realized more or less fully, the strike is not to be discarded,—because, as in war between nations, the strike is a last resource for the workman, when all other efforts for justice have failed. Succeeding chapters are devoted to "Insurance Benefits," "Co-operative Trading," and related topics. The proposal is made that a great co-operative society should be formed, to be controlled and directed by the international unions, for the sale of union-made goods, thus doing away with the profits of the middleman and the expensive methods of the boycott and the union label. The dominant note of the book is one of practical common-sense combined with a belief that no problem is settled until it is settled right.

"The New Industrial Day" is described as "a book for men who employ men"; and its author, Mr. William C. Redfield, a former member of Congress, presents in its pages the results of his own experience as a manufacturer and as an observer of industrial conditions. The thesis of the book is that the workman should be so treated that he may do his best, and this involves a wage which has some relation to the profit realized from his work. The plea is for

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*Syndicalism and Labor. By Sir Arthur Clay, Bart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Organized Labor: Its Problems and How to Meet Them. By A. J. Portenar. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The New Industrial Day. By William C. Redfield. New York: The Century Co.

The Outlook for Industrial Peace. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.

an intelligent development of the workman, and the application of brains to business methods. The line of least resistance in reducing expenses seems to be the reduction of wages, and this is taken by many employers; but the real need is for better methods of production and of business management. Says Mr. Redfield:

"Given the scientific spirit in management, constant and careful study of operations and details of cost — and this is the crux of the whole question — *given the scientific spirit in management, constant and careful study of operations and details of cost, modern buildings and equipment, proper arrangement of plant and proper material, ample power, space, and light, a high wage rate means inevitably a low labor cost per unit of product and the minimum of labor cost.*"

The reality of this statement is brought out in some nine chapters by a great wealth of illustration from practical experience. The days of the rule of thumb are gone, and to keep afloat to-day the manufacturer must cease to be a Bourbon and must really understand his business. Particularly pungent and refreshing is the chapter entitled "What Have We Got to Do with Abroad?" where our failures in foreign trade are traced to our neglect to comply with the demands of foreign buyers rather than to our high wage rate, which is in reality a low product rate. Costs and their causes are then dealt with in a spirit of inexorable logic, while the influence in their reduction of a well-paid and efficient working force is clearly brought out. The fact is insisted upon and reiterated that we have only gone halfway on the industrial road, and that in the light of the rise of human values account must be taken of the human factor in production as well as of machinery and selling. The results coming from a scientific spirit in management are shown, and at the same time fair dealing with the worker is insisted upon as a requisite for success. The book is based not only upon sound sense but upon sound economics; for, as the writer so clearly points out, high-priced labor leads to progress, efficiency, and improved methods, and these lead in turn to an increased output and to greater cheapness of the product.

Fourteen papers, written from many points of view, are brought together in "The Outlook for Industrial Peace." While lacking to a considerable extent any degree of unity, the result is a comprehensive presentation of conditions and tendencies in the industrial world. The need of settling disputes between employers and employees without resort to strikes, and a method of accomplishing such a result, is brought out by Mr. Marcus M. Marks in an exposition of "The Canadian Industrial Disputes Act." The initiative under this act for conciliation comes not from the government but from one or the other interested party, and results in the appointment of a Board of Conciliation and Investigation. Pending the investigation of this Board, the service must be uninterrupted, under penalty of heavy fines. After investigation, a published report is made, but there is no compulsion as to acceptance of this report or for arbitration.

"If both parties voluntarily agree to arbitration, well and good; but the act contemplates only investigation and publicity. After the report of the Board has been published, either party is entirely free to strike or lock-out; the law has been complied with when employer and employed permit the situation to remain unchanged until the end of the period of investigation. However, workingmen are quite unlikely to risk the dangers of a strike in the face of an adverse opinion of such a Board. Similarly, the employer will in almost every instance accede to the requests made by a fair tribunal."

The effectiveness of this act is shown by the fact that during the past five years only fourteen instances out of one hundred and ten disputes so referred have resulted in strikes. In the light of such a result, it would seem well for our several states to adopt such a method. The aims and methods of various industrial organizations are discussed in the papers on "The National Civic Federation and Industrial Peace," by Dr. Seth Low; "The Joint Board of Sanitary Control in the Cloak, Suit and Skirt Industry in New York City," by Mr. Henry Moskowitz; "Industrial Betterment Activities of the National Metal Trades Association," by Mr. Robert Wuest; and "Industrial Peace Activities of the National Electric Light Association," by Mr. Arthur Williams. Then the related topics of scientific management and industrial education are emphasized in "The Attitude of Labor towards Scientific Management," by Mr. Hollis Godfrey; "Education and Industrial Peace," by Mr. Herman Schneider; and "Factory Organization in Relation to Industrial Education," by Mr. Hugo Diemer. The most thoroughgoing paper of all is the one on "Conditions Fundamental to Industrial Peace," by Mr. George B. Hugo. After a scathing indictment of the surrender of the Boston Elevated Railway Company to organized labor in the recent strike, the assertion is made that there is no choice for the individual between the two evils of corporate capital and organized labor. Each is as bad as the other. Over against these is placed the ideal of individual economic freedom. How this is to be brought about is not indicated, except in the statement that "government will again assume its abdicated function of protecting the individual." But large-scale production and big business units are already here; and it is entirely unlikely that industry can be forced back into past conditions. In conclusion it may be said that industrial peace means industrial democracy, and the consequent passing of absolute monarchy (not to say despotism) in industrial relations. The contrast between democracy in government and absolute monarchy in industry, as now existing, is too glaring an anomaly to last.

GEORGE MILTON JANES.

"THE Print-Collector's Quarterly," edited by Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, has been published hitherto by Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co. of New York. Mr. Carrington has been appointed Curator of the Print Department of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and beginning with the current issue the periodical will be published by the Museum.

Recent American Poetry.*

In "A Day at Castrogiovanni," Mr. George Edward Woodberry has crystallized in noble verse the impressions of a happy Sicilian day. It was a day five years ago, spent on the site of Demeter's temple and in view of Etna. There are three poems: a sonnet called "Etna," an ode to "Proserpine," and a didactic poem in stanzas upon "Demeter." The sonnet may be given complete:

"Bird-wakened out of sleep, my darkling eyes
Saw Etna bloom and whiten in the dawn,
While over hollow leagues of crag and lawn
Brightened earth's edge upon the far-set skies;
Now, volleying light, the lucid mountain lies
Transfigured, in the breath of gold updrawn,
Dim base to rosy plume, and high the wan
Worn moon turns snow, and worships as it dies.

"Then o'er the shoulder of that mount in heaven
Rose like a moon divine, celestial sun,
The Star to which all glory hath been given,
The orb of life whence all things here have been.
The nightingales sang on,— and I shall see
No sight so mighty in tranquillity."

Of the "Prosperpine" we will quote the closing section:

"O Prosperpine, dream not that thou art gone
Far from our lives, half-human, half-divine;
Thou hast a holier adoration won
In many a heart that worships at no shrine.
Where light and warmth behold me,
And flower and wheat enfold me,
I lift a dearer prayer than all prayers past;
He who so loved thee that the live earth clove
Before his pathway unto light and love,
And took thy flower-full blossom,— who at last
Shall every blossom cull,—
Lover the most of what is most our own,
The mightiest lover that the world has known,
Dark lover, Death,— was he not beautiful."

The burden of the "Demeter" is that worship is one, however diverse the names of its gods and the systems to which they belong.

"Lo, I have believed in all the gods in turn,
And know they have *no* being but in me;
All is the form of what doth inly burn,
Up from the fetich to eternity;
Wherever man doth pray, and finds faith there,
I kneel beside him and repeat his prayer.

. . . . . .

"Man doth prevail, who masters, age by age,
The secret forces that through nature ply,
And with the changes of the mind grows sage,—
Whose faith burns brighter as the old truths die;
Truth is the cloud, molded by every storm;
Faith, like the rainbow, changes not its form."

This reminds us of Swinburne's "Hymn of Man," without its fierce invective, or of the prelude to the "Songs before Sunrise." It expresses the essence of the religious belief of the emancipated mind which sees life steadily and sees it whole, and echoes also the wistful sympathy of such a poem as "Die Götter Griechenlands." Mr. Woodberry's position as the first of living American poets would be secure without the credit of this new volume; of its contents we may simply say that they are entirely worthy of the genius that gave us "Wild Eden" and "The North Shore Watch."

The contents of Mr. Percy MacKaye's "Uriel and Other Poems" are chiefly personal and commemorative. The pieces have been written for occasions, and offer tributes to Moody, Gordon Craig, Peary, Browning, Thackeray, and others. The "Uriel" of the collection is William Vaughn Moody, who is also the subject of another poem, "To the Fire-Bringer." We quote some scattered stanzas from the titular poem:

"Because he never wore his sentient heart
For crows and jays to peck, ofttimes to such
He seemed a silent fellow, who o'ermuch
Held from the general gossip-ground apart,
Or tersely spoke, and tart:
How should they guess what eagle tore, within,
His quick of sympathy for humblest smart
Of human wretchedness, or probed his spleen
Of scorn against the hypocritic mart!

"But special-privileged investitures
Of beauty liked him not. To him the fact
Was by its passion only made compact
Of beauty; as, amid the Gloucester moors,
The loveliness, which lures
The artist's eye, for him was nature's prism
To illume his love of country: art which endures
At once is poetry and patriotism,
In spite of jingoists and epicures."

Mr. MacKaye's thought is fine and true, but he has many forced and infelicitous phrases, and his diction, as the close of the above stanza shows, is sometimes anything but poetic. The following stanza is explained by this note: "Shortly before his death, he told a friend about a new drama, on the theme of Saint Paul, the outlines of which had come to him splendidly as a vision":

"Darkling those constellations of his soul
Glimmered, while racks of stellar lightning shot
The white, creative meteors of thought
Through that last night, where — clad in cloudy stole —
Beside his ebbing shoal

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*A Day at Castrogiovanni. By George Edward Woodberry. The Woodberry Society: Privately printed.

Uriel and Other Poems. By Percy MacKaye. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Vaunt of Man, and Other Poems. By William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Poet, the Fool, and the Faeries. By Madison Cawein. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Echoes from Vagabondia. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Poems and Ballads. By Hermann Hagedorn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Belovèd Adventure. By John Hall Wheelock. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

Poems. By Selden L. Whitcomb. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Interpretations. A Book of First Poems. By Zoë Akins. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Spinning Woman of the Sky. By Alice Corbin. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co.

The Unconquered Air, and Other Poems. By Florence Earle Coates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Call of Brotherhood, and Other Poems. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Of life-blood stood Saint Paul, blazing a theme
Of living drama from a fiery scroll
Across his stretchèd vision as in dream —
When Death, with blind dark, blotted out the whole."

In "The Vaunt of Man, and Other Poems," Mr. William Ellery Leonard has given us a detailed and intimate relation of the adventures of his soul in far-off lands and the realms of gold which literature discloses to the seeker,— adventures with faiths and ideals, with "men of high report," with love and life. His poems are intensely intellectualized, and shaped in the mould which results from a wide acquaintance with literature and with the currents of thought that have flowed down through the ages. Mr. Leonard is no experimenter, and has no concern with the freakishness in which the feeble find their last resort. His temper may fairly be called academic, which is not to our mind a term of dispraise, albeit his outlook and his moods are distinctly modern. The sonnet is his favorite form, and he thus uses it to state his poetical programme or confession of faith:

"I would make mention of primeval things,
Oceans, horizons, rains, and winds that bear
Moist seeds from isle to isle, caves, mountain air
And echoes, clouds and shadows of their wings
On lakes or hillsides, autumns after springs
In starlight, sleep and breathing and the blare
Of life's reveille, love, birth, death, and care
Of sunken graves of peasants as of kings.

The wide world over,—
O be bold, be free!
Strip off this perfumed fabric from your verse,
Tear from your windows all the silk and lace!—
And stand, man, woman, on the slope by me,
O once again before the universe,
O once again with Nature face to face!"

It may be said that the writer keeps fairly true to the line thus marked out for himself. In the following piece he strikes a note that was sounded for us by Arnold and Sill:

"Our life is threefold; toil for daily bread,
A little vintage and a little oil,
Consumes the middle day; and after toil,
When golden sunlight (else for joyance shed)
Once more behind the hill or holt is sped,
Then sleep must take us from the stars and foil
The joyance of the splendor-night and coil
Around us dreary shades or dreams of dread;

"But in the space between our toil and sleep,
An hour at level dawn, at eve an hour,
A sacred watch we keep, or ought to keep:
Then stands the soul at peace, as in a tower,
And hears the world's eternal music sweep,
And knows its heritage of light and power."

Mr. Leonard's poems are good to read and to ponder over. They get at the realities of life, and have something worth while to say about them; and always in a grave, measured, and exalted expression.

Happy the poet who can sing from his heart:

"Yes, I have been in Avalon,
The faery Isle in faery seas;
Therefore it is my face is wan,
My heart at peace remembering these.
It may not be, and yet — I seem
Forever waking from a dream."

If he can say this, he will walk among men apart, taking fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks, with only pity in his heart for those who look at him askance and call him visionary or idealist. The great army of philistines, their thought fixed upon mean ideals, will bestow upon him neither their understanding nor their applause, but he will be sure of his reward despite their purblind disregard. Mr. Madison Cawein, whose song we have just echoed, is one of those whose consecration to the poetic calling has long been attested, and his new volume, "The Poet, the Fool, and the Faeries," was not needed to make sure his election to the company of our approved singers. We must find space for one of these new lyrics, and our choice shall be "In the Deep Forest."

"In the deep forest when the lightning played,
Pallid and frail a wilding flower swayed,
Lifting its blossom from the streaming sod,
Trembling and fearful, like a child dismayed,
Who in the darkness has forgotten God.

"In the deep forest, in the thunder's roll,
Face to pale face I met with my own soul;
And in its eyes were trouble and alarm,
Like that which held the heaven from pole to pole,
And doubt of God above the night and storm.

"In the deep forest, when the tempest passed,
The flower smiled unbroken of the blast;
And in the forest, as the day drew on,
Hand in pale hand, with sure eyes upward cast,
My soul and I stood confident of dawn."

One little chink may be found for this exquisite bit of imagery:

"Godiva-like, the moon rode into sight,
Cautious, yet confident that no one sees;
The naked moon, astonishing the night,
Brightening the thoroughfares of all the trees:
Holding her course unfaltering and sure,
Knowing herself as beautiful as pure."

Mr. Cawein is not, as far as we know, a popular poet; his verses are not sought after by the newspapers, nor do they offer the combination of slanginess and sentiment which appeals to the host of readers who *think* they like poetry without having the remotest notion of what it really is. But he has long been sure of his following among those whose judgment really counts, and for whom poetry — to be poetry — must be a deep interpretation of nature and the soul of man.

In a new "Vagabondia" volume — this time without the collaboration of Richard Hovey — Mr. Bliss Carman once more rings the changes upon the old themes of nature's pageant, the legendary lore of the past, and the joys of the care-free life under the sun on the open road. The following is typical:

"We travelled empty-handed
With hearts all fear above,
For we ate the bread of friendship,
We drank the wine of love.

"Through many a wondrous autumn,
Through many a magic spring,
We hailed the scarlet banners,
We heard the blue-bird sing.

"We looked on life and nature
With the eager eyes of youth,
And all we asked or cared for
Was beauty, joy, and truth.

"We found no other wisdom,
We learned no other way,
Than the gladness of the morning,
The glory of the day.

"So all our earthly treasure
Shall go with us, my dears,
Aboard the Shadow Liner,
Across the sea of years."

This pretty, facile stuff is anything but difficult to write, and it goes out of one ear as quickly as it goes into the other. Mr. Carman properly calls these pieces "Echoes,"—we might have read them all before without now being conscious of the fact. And we must considerably qualify the praise bestowed on a poet who is capable of writing "Me for there!" as the ending of a lyric of yearning for the beauty of a scene known in the past.

Of Mr. Hermann Hagedorn's "Poems and Ballads," the ballads are better than the poems, but they are too long to reproduce. If we were to choose one for that purpose, it would be "The Devil and St. Donat," which opens thus:

"The Devil hath made him a ship
To bear the sinful souls;
He hath made it well of roots from Hell,
And sulphur and brimstone and coals."

To say "sulphur and brimstone" is like saying "poems and ballads." Of the pieces which the author is content to describe as poems, the sonnet on our national infamy of repudiating the Panama treaty with England shows us that the poets are ever watchful of our country's honor. It is addressed to the Senate.

"Blind guardians of the glory of our land,
Defenders of our fame, what have you done?—
Crying! Our holiest pledges every one
Are idle words writ on the windy sand!
How shameless at the judgment do we stand!
Through cynic Europe hear the laughter run;
Shrewd Machiavellis mocking as they shun
The great republic of the faithless hand!

"Yea, we are great, but not by juggled phrases!
Yea, we are strong, but not by troth denied!
The age is full of change and insecure;
Hot in the fevered blood of nations blazes
The strife of souls. Only by clear-descried
Intrepid equity can we endure."

Mr. John Hall Wheelock discourses thus of "The New Love":

"Before the morning I arose and went
Over the snowy meadows clear and cold,
And with the dawn a deep and new content
Awoke in me. Farewell, dear love of old.

"Now that I love you, what is there to say!
Who would have harmed you, what shall now be said!
The morning wind has purged it all away.
Before this love all the old lusts lie dead.

"The holier love more deep than all desire
Into my spirit from the morning came,
Out of the sacred and the whitening Fire
It rose within me like a silent flame;

"And the winds blew it to me from the west,
Over the sad fields of unbroken snow,
Patient and pure as your own naked breast
And hopeless as our love of long ago."

The verses *sound* as if they meant something, but close scrutiny discloses little more than inarticulate emotion tricked out with imagery. We quote this poem, and make this comment upon it, because most of the contents of Mr. Wheelock's volume, "The Belovèd Adventure," invite similar observations. Gauzy fancies and nebulous ideas abound in his collection, but we rarely find in it either clear-cut thought or lyric rapture. Moreover, Mr. Wheelock's verses are somewhat freer in form than is permissible to anyone not an approved master. It is only at great risk that a minor poet may attempt what a Verlaine or a Whitman is free to do without censure.

"The Call" of the poet is thus apprehended by Mr. Selden L. Whitcomb:

"Sing no more of the meadow brook
That wanders amid the grasses;
Sing no more of the lover's look
When the careless maiden passes;
But sing of passion that endureth, large,
Sweeping the soul to life's untrodden marge.

"Sing of Peruvian peaks that rise
In silence, barren, regal;
Unseen, unsought of human eyes,
Too lonely for the eagle;
Where only the winds of God are unafraid
To search the eternal terrors He has made."

It is a tonic prescription, but Mr. Whitcomb does not seem to apply it very resolutely to his own case, for he has much to say of birds and flowers and lovers. Nevertheless, he has force here and there, and sometimes sounds a resonant note, as in "My Own."

"I would suck the bitter, perilous fruits,
I would chew the bark of nauseous roots,
I would gnaw the wolf's abandoned bone,
If I might find my own.

"Lash me atop the swaying mast
Amid the sleet and the midnight blast
That bends with the breaking vessel's groan,
If I may find my own.

"Shackle my feet and bind my hands,
Bear me a slave to deadly lands
To strike all day on the stubborn stone,
If I may find my own.

"I would woo the fever's wasting heat
With the taunting demons at my feet,
The sunken eyes whence reason has flown,
If I might find my own.

"Tear off the wreath the master gave,
And break the marble over my grave
To be by brambles overgrown
If I may find my own."

For a collection of first poems, the "Interpretations" of Miss Zoë Akins are distinctly promising. She has grace, passion, and sensuous charm, and her ear for music is keen and sure. This little lyric is a singularly haunting thing:

"I am the wind that wavers,
You are the certain land;
I am the shadow that passes
Over the sand.

"I am the leaf that quivers,
You — the unshaken tree;
You are the stars that are steadfast,
I am the sea.

"You are the light eternal,
Like a torch I shall die, . . .
You are the surge of deep music,
I — but a cry!"

These lines from the long poem "Mary Magdalen," reflecting the courtesan's thoughts after the vision has come to her, show how well the writer has mastered the subtleties of blank verse:

"What if my hands be white — mine eyes like pools
Made deeper by the shade of standing reeds?
What if my house be still and beautiful?
My slaves as fair and fleet and soft of foot
As Aphrodite's doves? What if I live
As long in legend as that Spartan queen
For whom a war was made in perished Troy,
And whose gold hair shall flame when stars are dark?
I care no more to watch the wandering moon
Launched like a burning galley in the sky,
Or swinging like a lantern through the clouds,—
And from the even-hour I hide my head."

From the tender and heart-felt tribute "In Memory of Swinburne," we take these two stanzas:

"Not all of England's armies, nor her ships,
Could leave, as thou,
Her language on a million singing lips,
Alien till now;

"And that the land that bore thee leaves unsaid
Praise for thy name,
And does not lay the laurel o'er thee, dead,
Is thy land's shame."

Mrs. Alice Corbin Henderson's little book of verse invites such epithets as iridescent, fantastic, and ethereal. Her lyrics are not easily reducible to any form of intellectual statement, and their appeal is through music and delicate imagery, suggesting not a little the measures of the Celts who have been troubling the poetic waters of late years. One of them is frankly styled a "Rêve Celtique," a title which these stanzas justify:

"For Danu, Lir, and Cleena with light feet,
Who tossed the bubble of the world away,
And with light laughter, music low and sweet,
Covered it over and left it till a day,

"Have vanished with their softly waving spells,
Their flame-white dances and bright hair wind-tossed—
Sadder than deaths the wars of worlds have cost,
The keening of the winds in these low dells:

"While we have turned from beauty and have lost
Our sense of ancient kinship with the earth,
Under the running wave the flaming host
Dance in the heart of time and knew no birth."

Sometimes the verses are conceits, as in Pygmalion's description of his beloved statue:

"Her waist is the faint horizon
Where night and day are drawn,
Her low left hip is the twilight,
And her right hip is the dawn.
Her breasts are hills of widsom,
And the pale pink rose
Of the summit is veiled with marble,
Where the color comes and goes,"

or, as in "Moon of Peace":

"Lap me in scented waters, moon of peace,
In silver waters flowing under the moon,
For now the water-bearer's pouring flood
Pours rivers of silver peace under the moon,
The dragon is killed, the archer's arrow sped,
The bearded goat has trampled out the wine,
And now the water-bearer's pouring flood
Pours rivers of silver peace and silver wine."

They are very pretty conceits, and their astronomy is not at fault. But we must represent this volume by at least one complete poem, and "Nodes" is the one that seems to us the best single example of Mrs. Henderson's work:

"The endless, foolish merriment of stars
Beside the pale cold sorrow of the moon,
Is like the wayward noises of the world
Beside my heart's uplifted silent tune.

"The little broken glitter of the waves
Beside the golden sun's intent white blaze,
Is like the idle chatter of the crowd
Beside my heart's unwearied song of praise.

"The sun and all the planets in the sky
Beside the sacred wonder of dim space,
Are notes upon a broken, tarnished lute
That God will some day mend and put in place.

"And space, beside the little secret joy
Of God that sings forever in the clay,
Is smaller than the dust we cannot see
That yet dies not, till time and space decay.

"And as the foolish merriment of stars
Beside the cold pale sorrow of the moon,
My little song, my little joy, my praise,
Beside God's ancient, everlasting rune."

Mrs. Florence Earle Coates is a poet who is content with the old forms of expression, and who holds fast to the old sanities of thought. This alone is much in an age when so many of the followers of the muse are given over to freakishness, and when originality at any cost is held to be necessary to arrest the attention. Mrs. Coates keeps to the tried and safe ways, and makes her appeal neither by stridency nor eccentricity. Sometimes she gives beautiful voice to an abstract idealism, as in the closing page of her new volume, where we find an injunction to "Dream the Great Dream":

"Dream the Great Dream, though you should dream — you, only,
And friendless follow in the lofty quest,
Though the dream lead you to a desert lonely,
Or drive you, like the tempest, without rest,
Yet, toiling upward to the highest altar,
There lay before the gods your gift supreme —
A human heart whose courage did not falter
Though distant as Arcturus shone the Gleam.

"The Gleam? Ah, question not if others see it,
Who nor the yearning nor the passion share;
Grieve not if children of the earth decree it —
The earth, itself — their goddess, only fair!
The soul has need of prophet and redeemer:
Her outstretched wings against her prisoning bars,
She waits for truth; and truth is with the dreamer,—
Persistent as the myriad light of stars."

It is love in the high spiritual sense of the mystics and the saints, rather than in the grosser vision of the sensualists, that is enshrined in these verses on "Eros":

"I, who am love, come clothed in mystery,
As rose my beauteous mother from the sea,
Veiling my luminous wings from mortal sight —
Whether at noon or in the star-strewn night —
That I may pass unrecognized and free.

"Ignoring them that idly seek for me
Unto mine own, from all eternity
I come with heart aflame and torch alight —
I who am Love!

"What bring I them? Ah, draughts that sweeter be
Than willing waters of Callirhoe!
What give I them? Life! — even in Death's despite;
And upward still I lead them to the height
Of an immortal passion's purity! —
I who am Love."

Most of the poems in this collection are of the occasional class, suggested now by the death of a great man, now by a news-item, now by an intimate personal experience. The tendency to moralize is perhaps a little too pronounced, but the idealism is always fine, and the emotional note rich and compelling.

As the title indicates, Miss Robinson's "The Call of Brotherhood and Other Poems" voices the newly-awakened social conscience of our time, the humanitarian feeling that is so intense as to be somewhat reckless in the choice of instruments for the attainment of its goal. "The Great Question" voices the perplexed state of mind of many a worker for the cause of humankind:

"My heart is weary with the world's distress,
The cry of those who struggle in the night.
Oh! Lord, who sent thy Son for our redress,
We pray thee as of old 'Let there be light!'
I would not ask the 'Why' nor pierce the veil;
All that I long for is to know, behind
The torture, and the terror, and the wail
Of human woe, there is no cruel, blind,
Unreasoning Chance, that hurls us here and there,
Victims of an insensate Tyranny;
I would not ask the Cause, but this my prayer —
To know there is a Cause for Misery;
Could I but see the working of Thy Hand
I should be willing not to understand."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Ripe reflections on life's minor problems.

Contributed originally to a religious weekly journal, the little essays in "Along the Road" (Putnam), by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, are not unnaturally devoted largely to questions of conduct, to speculations on the great mysteries by which our every-day life is surrounded, and to such personal reminiscences as have a bearing on the spiritual problems that confront all thoughtful persons throughout life. Treating the commonest of daily experiences with the geniality and the insight that lend charm to his discussion of whatever topic, Mr. Benson here gives his readers a new sense of the height and depth and illimitable richness of existence. Ethical questions alternate with glimpses of great men and bits of nature-study and description. Such subjects of universal interest as conversation, tactfulness, pride, reading, absent-mindedness, gossip, letter-writing, jealousy, sympathy, and sincerity, form the staple of his well-considered and often suggestive and stimulating talk in most of these brief chapters. Concerning interruptions, for example, he well says that "there is no form of self-discipline to be compared to that which can be practised by dealing with little tiresome engagements and interviews and interruptions in a perfectly tranquil and good-humoured way, giving the whole of one's attention to the matter in hand, and not allowing the visitor to feel that he is being hurried or that he has intruded." The following is pertinent to the season: "I do not at all like the languor, about three degrees this side of faintness, which Keats said was one of the luxuries of spring; I like to be judiciously and temperately frozen, when all that one does is sharp-set and has a keen edge on it." A story of Alpine experience, which he entitles "The Face of Death," and which describes his narrow escape from falling into a crevasse, reminds one of Leslie Stephen's harrowing narrative of "A Bad Five Minutes in the Alps," except that Stephen's tale is fictitious and covers forty-eight pages, while the other is undoubtedly true, and (chiefly for that reason) takes only seven pages in the telling. Mr. Benson is thoroughly enjoyable in these latest essays of his, even though they are sometimes in the nature of miniature sermons.

Records of the changing East.

One of the most voluminous of recent works dealing with the Orient is Mr. Lancelot Lawton's "Empires of the Far East" (Small, Maynard & Co.). During the period of preparation, two of the three empires dealt with — Korea and China — changed their status; but the original title was retained and the narrative brought down to March, 1912, while the splendid map shows the Republic of China. It is difficult to summarize the contents of these bulky volumes. The 1571 pages of text are divided into eighty-four chapters of varying length. At least a thousand pages, comprising forty-three chapters,

are devoted to Japan, "for the reason that she is the first Oriental country within modern history to be accorded a place of front rank among the Powers of the world." These chapters deal with the geography and history, the administrative, social, economic, financial, and industrial conditions of that empire, the war of 1904–5, and the problems of the Pacific. Seven chapters, comprising seventy pages, describe conditions in Korea since the Japanese occupation, while an eighth treats of the other colonial possessions of Japan. Manchuria is considered in eighteen chapters of 250 pages, receiving somewhat more attention than China, which is dealt with in fourteen chapters of 214 pages. In the case of China the narrative is concerned solely with the reform movement, the recent revolution, and the establishment of the Republic. It is difficult also to estimate the value of this elaborate piece of work. Mr. Lawton tells us that "Hitherto the critics of our allies have been met with the charge of failure to substantiate their statements. Consequently I have taken special pains to produce chapter and verse for all that is written." If this were the case the work might be almost invaluable, but as a matter of fact exact citations are rarely given. Such statements as "I have it on the authority of an American Consul" and "the notable speech delivered some years ago by Sir Thomas Sutherland" hardly constitute a citation of "chapter and verse." Throughout, Mr. Lawton is a vigorous critic of the Japanese We learn that "to America, Japan has become what in Europe Germany has so long been to Great Britain"; that in Manchuria "the policy persistently pursued by the Japanese since the war has been . . . one of deception and despoliation"; and it is certainly a new interpretation of history to assert that the exclusion policy of the Tokugawas "was the outcome of a petty and primal arrogance which dictated a savage hatred of other peoples and an ignorant contempt for their ways." The volumes do contain, however, a great mass of valuable information concerning the most recent happenings in the Far East.

Folk-tales from the gorgeous East.

Ten tales from an old woman, who in turn had heard them from her grandmother, two from an old Brahman, three from an old barber, and from another old Brahman enough more to make twenty-two,—such was the *farrago* offered by the Rev. Lal Behari Day in his "Folk-tales of Bengal," published originally thirty years ago, and now reissued by the Macmillan Co. in a "colour-book" edition, printed on heavy paper in large type and illustrated with no less than thirty-two full-page pictures by Mr. Warwick Goble. Now, the present reviewer admits frankly that he is a lover both of folk-tales and of almost anything Indian, so his judgment may not be quite as trustworthy as he tries to believe; but to him the book was very welcome, and its merits seemed to justify fully its reappearance in such a new and elaborate dress. Brahmans, and *rakshasas*, and gold-mohurs; marvellous horses called *pakshirajes* or kings of birds; elephants that are king-makers; the *kapila* cow that gave milk whenever it was needed; the *hiraman*, or green-gem parrot, that "not only replied intelligently to every question the king put, but recited to him the names of the three hundred and thirty millions of the gods of the hindu pantheon"; *toontooni* eggs that hatch into beautiful maidens; the boy with the moon on his forehead; the child suckled by seven mothers; gardens of heavenly scented flowers; wonder-working jewels guarded by serpent kings,—who would not hear about them all? Then there is the popular life and popular wisdom that always appear in the folk-tale, whether it is told beneath the Bear of the North or the Cross of the South. And through every page breathes that haunting spirit of the Orient which attracts an occidental so irresistibly, if it attracts him at all. The author vouches for his material in these words: "I have reason to believe that the stories are a genuine sample of the old, old stories told by Bengali women from age to age through a hundred generations"; but a punctilious critic might question whether two or three of the narratives are folk-tales in the strict sense of the word. However, neither this point nor a few minor defects need interfere with the pleasure of any reader who has a taste for popular tales and the gorgeous East.

Character building in school.

A considerable amount of interest is being manifested throughout the educational world to-day in the problem of moral training in the schools. Most people seem to think that school children should receive ethical instruction, but there is little agreement respecting the way in which this should be accomplished. The French people have elaborated a course of moral instruction, beginning with the earliest school year and continuing on through the *lycée;* but American teachers have not had much confidence in this system, because it has seemed too formal. Miss Jane Brownlee, in her volume entitled "Character Building in School" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), presents a method of moral instruction for young children which does not seem as rigid and mechanical as the French system. Her methods were worked out in the public schools of Toledo, Ohio, and they have attracted favorable attention. As administered by Miss Brownlee herself, the system accomplished a good deal in making her pupils conscious of ethical principles, and observant of these in their daily lives. Her plan aims to lead children to form clear and accurate notions regarding the duties of everyday life. The teacher is simply a guide to the children in working out ethical problems. Miss Brownlee presents most of the questions which she would ask children on any topic, and indicates just how she would guide her pupils to reach sound conclusions in regard to their conduct in daily life. This book should be of genuine service to all who have to do with the training of young children.

But if a teacher should attempt to use it as a French instructor often uses his text-book on ethics, it is doubtful if good results would follow. The success of a method of this sort depends largely upon the personality and attitude of the teacher. The relation between teacher and child must be wholly natural, unaffected, spontaneous. The questions must seem to the pupil to come directly out of his daily experience, and not to be thrust upon him from the outside. In the hands of a formalist, work of this sort would be as likely to do harm as good. It seems to the present reviewer that Miss Brownlee has included too much in her plan. She has tried to cover all the ethical relations of pupils, whereas it would seem better to limit the instruction in the youngest years to those relations which are most prominent in a child's adjustments to those about him. It is probably impossible to build up effective ethical notions about relations which have not yet been assumed, or to think straight about duties beyond the experience of the child at the time he is being instructed.

Ten women of light and leading.

Women as champions of worthy causes are more and more making their influence felt, though not always of late in the most womanly manner. Ten who did succeed in being reformers without ceasing to be women are made the subject of a useful and very readable book by Mr. Elmer C. Adams, with the collaboration of Professor Warren Dunham Foster. "Heroines of Modern Progress" (Sturgis & Walton Co.) presents in compact and attractive form the chief events in the lives of Elizabeth Fry, Mary Lyon, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Julia Ward Howe, Frances E. Willard, J. Ellen Foster, and Miss Jane Addams—the record being necessarily, and fortunately, incomplete in the case of the last-named. The volume has been prepared to help meet a demand for "adequate short biographies of those women who have done the most for the world's progress during the last century," and is designed especially for "young women of from twelve to thirty," as the preface explains. A six-page chronological table at the end shows interestingly the overlapping and interlocking of the ten lives related, and gives an idea of their connection with some of the great reform movements of the last hundred years. In the body of the book, facts and dates and statistics are wisely made subordinate to more general and more largely significant matters; but this course has not quite succeeded in avoiding all errors of statement. One, at least, arrests attention, in the account of Mrs. Howe. "In the late sixties," we are told, "Mrs. Howe watched with the interest of a traveler and a linguist the progress of the Franco-Prussian war. Her mature conclusion was that the war had been hatched up by politicians for political reasons, without any heat whatever on the part of the soldiers who fought in it. The war had been won and lost,—and thousands of lives had been snuffed out." But the war did not begin until the summer of 1870; its first rumblings go back no further than June of that year. Moreover, it may be questioned whether Mrs. Howe's interest in the war was primarily that of "a traveler and a linguist." Portraits of the ten heroines of progress are appropriately inserted, and a short introduction by Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin opens the volume.

A summer in an amateur farmer's life.

In the form of a journal extending from March 1 to October 12, of some evidently recent year, the story of Mrs. Henry Wade Rogers's experience as an amateur farmer on a small New Jersey estate inherited or otherwise acquired from her maternal grandfather is agreeably told. "The Journal of a Country Woman" (Eaton & Mains) is the name she gives to her book. It is small, well illustrated, well printed, and fragrant throughout with odors of the farm and the field. The Palisades of the Hudson are near by, and the whole environment presents itself as all but ideal for the agricultural experiment entered upon with zest by the writer—all the more so because of the manifest sufficiency of material as well as mental resources with which she essays her task. Of her conception of the dignity and difficulty of the farmer's calling, she leaves the reader in no doubt. "In advising my young college friends," she says, "to choose farming as a lifework—the God-ordained work for mankind—I discriminate, and advise only the specially bright and energetic ones to take it up, the honor men. A mediocre man may earn a scanty living in law, medicine, the ministry, or other lines, but he could hardly worry a living out of the soil. Brains, energy, and insight must go to make the successful modern farmer." She might have added capital to the other prerequisites. Quotations from Whitman, Gilder, Dr. Van Dyke, and other poets and prose-writers appropriately diversify the narrative. Apparently Mrs. Rogers is planning to continue the agricultural enterprise so auspiciously begun, even though she is forced to delegate its immediate management to someone else for some months in the winter. Hers is a book to make one long for a grand-paternal farm in the beautiful Hudson valley, with a grand-paternal fortune to spend in making it rejoice and blossom as the rose

Animal evolution by mutation.

A book on evolution which says something really new is by way of being an extraordinary phenomenon, whether regarded from a literary or a scientific standpoint. To be sure, much that is novel in the way of fact or principle is being added just now to the sum of knowledge about the factors of evolution; but such contributions are, in the first instance, almost invariably to be found in some biological journal or the proceedings of some learned society. So when a book like Professor R. E. Lloyd's "The Growth of Groups in the Animal Kingdom" (Longmans) appears, with a mass of new and pertinent facts, analyzed in a critical and unorthodox manner, it constitutes an event worthy of special mention.

As a consulting zoölogist of the Indian Plague Commission, Dr. Lloyd had the opportunity of examining many thousand rats collected in all parts of India through the exterminatory activity of that commission. In the course of this examination specimens were found from time to time which differed from all known species of rats in particulars which had been and are used by systematic zoölogists as the basis for distinguishing species. These findings led Dr. Lloyd to speculate as to the probable origin of these aberrant groups of rats. The present book is the outcome of these speculations. It opens with a careful critical discussion of the concept of a natural species. The treatment of this perplexing subject is excellent. It clearly and convincingly sets forth the essentially artificial and unnatural way in which the problem of species separation and description is handled by practical working taxonomists. Having cleared the ground in this way, the author proceeds to describe in detail his own results in regard to the nature, origin, and distribution of new "groups" of rats, which one may or may not call "species" as he chooses. Cogent evidence is adduced to show that these new natural groups arise by mutation, and that natural selection has nothing to do with their origin. The concluding chapters are devoted to the discussion of the results of similar purport obtained by other workers, and to an exposition of the author's general philosophy of evolution. The book is a substantial contribution to the literature of evolution.

The human basis of our life.

Under the somewhat arresting title of "Human Quintessence," Dr. Sigurd Ibsen (once premier of Norway and a son of the dramatist) has written a work which even the professional philosophers, into whose preserves the author boldly enters, must acknowledge as most suggestive and stimulating, and one which the unprejudiced reader is quite likely to hail as a true and an emancipating book. Like many other thinkers and laymen, Dr. Ibsen has tired of the spirit in which, for the last half century, the great problems of human life have been approached. During that time, some such abstraction from natural phenomena as the struggle for existence or the dogma of utilitarianism, or the dogma that man is nothing but the product of heredity and material environment, has been taken as a starting point, and from it rules of human conduct have been laid down. Dr. Ibsen objects to all such criterions of life on the ground that they are artificial. We may know, intellectually, he says, that we are not the central beings of the universe. We may be Copernican in creed. But such knowledge has never been emotionalized and made part of our springs of action. When we actively live we must do it on a Ptolemaic basis — that is to say, we must regard our humanity as the centre of things and always act in reference to that rather than to any extra-human standpoint. And the distinctively human thing about us, he further says, is that self-conscious use of reason by which we can mould our destinies as we will. Hence he outlines a social policy that will remind the reader of the social rationalism of the eighteenth century. In fact, he frankly avows belief in the "eighteenth-century belief — nowadays so despised — that social systems are capable of being reconstructed from the beginning and on a strictly reasonable basis." It is easy to scoff at such a view as this, but Dr. Ibsen is not alone in trying to resuscitate it, and his book may be cordially recommended as an offset to some of our more uncritical brands of social psychology. (Huebsch.)

A gallery of Devonshire worthies.

Mr. Francis Gribble's busy pen has been at work noting down the many illustrious names associated more or less closely with the county of Devon, and chronicling some of the things said and done by the bearers of those names. "The Romance of the Men of Devon" (Little, Brown & Co.) is in plan and scope somewhat after the pattern of the same author's "Romance of the Oxford Colleges," being a chatty and entertaining book abounding in curious information and anecdote not likely to be already familiar to the reader. The great names that any mention of Devonshire calls up are, of course, those of Walter Raleigh, Joshua Reynolds, Coleridge, Humphrey Gilbert, Francis Drake, John Davis, Charles Kingsley, James Anthony Froude, and Richard Blackmore; but there are also many more Devon men of note, such as Thomas Bodley, the judicious Hooker, Miles Coverdale, Benjamin Robert Haydon, John Gay, Philip Gosse, the naturalist, and his son Edmund. Thomas Newcomen receives conspicuous honor at Mr. Gribble's hands as a Dartmouth man and the real inventor of the steam engine, James Watt and his bubbling tea-kettle to the contrary notwithstanding. At the other end of the scale stands Jack Rattenbury, "as hard as nails, and an ingenious rascal to boot. He hit upon the subtle device of smuggling lace in the interior of disembowelled geese," but found in the end that the way of the transgressor is hard. Not all the persons so agreeably mentioned in Mr. Gribble's pages have very much to do with Devonshire, but they help to fill out a readable volume. Good illustrations abound, but the index to be expected at the end of such a work is lacking.

Socialism from the Catholic standpoint.

Father Bernard Vaughan's "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint" (Macmillan) is a strange combination of a rigid adherence to the old natural rights philosophy, the advocacy of Jesuit teachings, the frequent and unwarranted use of slang, and the extended glorification of the Church fathers. In no way can the book be looked upon as a contribution to the literature of Socialism. The author discloses the grossest ignorance concerning not only the more fundamental ideas underlying the socialist movement, but also the developments which have taken place in the fields of philosophy, political science, and economics since the opening of the nineteenth century. He declares man to be "a

moral being, with inalienable personal rights and an eternal destiny"; he maintains that "God made the family" and "established civil society"; while he looks upon the State, not as "the output of mere economic conditions" or as "the dynamic expression of material evolution," but on the contrary as "a natural institution with well defined rights and duties, limited by the prior rights and duties of the family and of the individual." Any group of men, or any movement, which looks at these matters from any other viewpoint, is to be condemned most vigorously as being detrimental to the welfare of society. Destructively, the author attempts to show that Socialism is "non-natural, if not unnatural," and that it is opposed to religion, the home, and to personal and property rights. Life under Socialism "would be as deadly dull as that seen in a boarding house, a charity school, or a barrack room." Constructively, Father Vaughan advances the idea that "if the old Catholic laws about property, and the obligations attaching to it, were once more brought into general practice, we should find ourselves many milestones nearer to a solution of our present-day social problems." Other than this, he proposes nothing more definite as a Catholic solution of the problem than a "Triple Alliance" of "the Church, the State, and Private Initiative, working in harmonious accord."

The scenery and records of Somersetshire.

In "Highways and Byways of Somerset" (Macmillan), Mr. Edward Hutton writes with even more than his usual enthusiasm. For in Somerset was the home of his childhood, and the glamor of the child's vision still rests upon the land. From a neighboring hill-top, he believed it was the world that lay spread out beneath him. He saw its cities, — Bristol, the port of the sea; Bath, upon the hills; Wells, half-hidden in a valley; Taunton, with shining wind-vaned towers. Here, on this very hill-top, had the Legion halted ere it went singing on its way to Rome. There, mysteriously alone, islanded in the evening mist, rose Avalon, where St. Joseph hid the Grail. Beyond, loomed Camelot, very dark and strong, that was King Arthur's, that saw Guinevere go by, and heard the tumult and the shouting. Yonder, in the marsh, lay Athelney that hid King Alfred, and Wedmore where he curbed the Danes. It is easy to read between the lines that the author has found it a gracious task to fill in the outlines of his well-remembered vision, — to describe the noble architecture of manor and cottage, of cathedral and village church; to portray the country, often of rare beauty and always of great peace; to recount the historic associations where the fathers signalled the passing of the Legions, the onset of the Saxons, the retreat of the Danes, the advance of the Normans, the coming of the Armada. Somerset has been one of the least-visited parts of Southern England by the tourist. But this book will surely tempt many to include the county in their next itinerary. One hundred drawings by Miss Nelly Erichsen add much to the charm of the volume.

The life story of a Southern educator.

The late William Leroy Broun, for the last twenty years of his life president of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, and before that at various times connected with Vanderbilt University and the University of Texas, was a man who had worked his way up against difficulties that would have discouraged the ordinary youth. A brief but impressive account of this struggle and its triumphant issue, with illustrative selections from Dr. Broun's correspondence and public addresses, has been prepared by his brother, Major Thomas L. Broun, assisted by his daughter, Miss Bessie Lee Broun, and his granddaughter, Miss Sally F. Ordway. "Dr. William Leroy Broun" (Neale), as the book is entitled, is really a compilation, the compilers holding themselves modestly in the background and allowing other more disinterested observers to tell the story of Dr. Broun's achievements as Confederate army officer, science teacher, and college president. A noteworthy chapter describes a memorable clash between Alexander H. Stephens and the subject of the biography, with its momentous consequences. Dr. Broun was conspicuous among the too few well-equipped workers for Southern education, and his death in 1902 at the age of seventy-five removed one whose character and services were held in the highest repute. Portraits of Dr. Broun, his wife and daughter, and some of his associates, are given in the book. Nine pages of autobiographical notes, especially interesting for their account of school days and early manhood, are inserted near the beginning.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A dignified library edition of "The Political Debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas" has just been published by the Messrs. Putnam. The work is edited by Dr. George Haven Putnam, who supplies it with a historical introduction.

"The Right of the Child to be Well Born," by Dr. George E. Dawson of the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, is a brief but excellently presented statement of the purpose and possibilities of the eugenics movement. The discussion of what should be the mutual relations of religion and eugenics is quite the best treatment of this fundamentally important phase of the eugenics progaganda which has come to our attention. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

"Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers, 1704–1750," by Miss Elizabeth Christine Cook, is a publication of the Columbia University Press. Miss Cook has examined the files of the chief colonial newspapers for the half-century in question, and has made notes upon such portions of their contents as have a literary flavor. Nothing of much importance is thus rescued from oblivion, but a demonstration is afforded that the newspapers of that period were not altogether without a tincture of letters, and that they were considerably addicted to the reprinting of passages from current English literature, and of framing imitations upon these models. Miss Cook's notes and extracts make very interesting reading.

NOTES.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole is preparing a volume on Switzerland for publication next autumn in Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.'s "Spell Series."

An English translation, made by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, of M. Julien Benda's much-discussed novel, "L'Ordination," is announced by Messrs. Holt & Co.

Two forthcoming musical biographies of considerable interest are Mr. Berthold Litzmann's Life of Madame Schumann, and Mr. J. F. Runciman's Life of Richard Wagner.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the venerable English scientist, has written a book on "Social Environment and Moral Progress," which Messrs. Cassell & Co. will publish shortly.

Professor George Santayana's volume of philosophical essays, "Winds of Doctrine," which was announced recently in this column, will be published immediately by Messrs. Scribner.

Mr. Willis J. Abbot is the author of a volume just announced by John C. Winston Co. under the title, "Famous Women in History." Biographies of more than seventy women are included.

"Medical Benefit," a study of state insurance against sickness by Dr. I. G. Gibbon, and an eugenist catechism for children entitled "A Catechism of Life," will be issued at once by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Jocasta" and "The Famished Cat," both translated by Miss Agnes Farley, are the two works brought together in the latest volume of the English edition of the writings of M. Anatole France, published by the John Lane Co.

We understand that the biography of Disraeli upon which William Flavelle Monypenny was engaged at the time of his death a few months ago is to be completed by Mr. George Earle Buckle, formerly editor of the London "Times."

A book on "Our Neighbors the Japanese," by Dr. Joseph King Goodrich, will be published immediately by Messrs. F. G. Browne & Co. as the first volume of "Our Neighbors Series." Subsequent volumes now in active preparation will deal with the Chinese, the Filipinos, the Danes, and others.

Among forthcoming English novels not yet announced for publication in this country are the following: "The Regent," by Arnold Bennett; "The Open Window," by E. Temple Thurston; "Damaris Verity," by Lucas Malet; "Happy House," by Baroness von Hutten; "Fanny's First Novel," by Frankfort Moore; "Chance," by Joseph Conrad; and "Michael Ferrys," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.

A study of "The Panama Canal Conflict between Great Britain and the United States" will be published this month by Messrs. Putnam in conjunction with the Cambridge University Press. The author is Dr. L. Oppenheim, M.A., LL.D., Whewell Professor of International Law in the University of Cambridge, Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Jurisprudence at Madrid, and Member of the Institute of International Law.

In commemoration of the bi-centenary of the birth of his ancestor Andrew Foulis (the youngest of those two brothers whose work in printing and publishing won for them the title of "the Scottish Elzevirs"), Mr. T. N. Foulis of London and Edinburgh has issued a *catalogue raisonné* of his own publications. It is a handsomely printed volume of nearly a hundred pages, with twelve fine plates in color inserted on handmade paper mounts. We cordially commend it to the attention of booklovers everywhere.

At a meeting of the trustees of The Century Co. on March 3, Mr. William W. Ellsworth was elected president, to succeed the late Frank Hall Scott, who died November last, after having held that office for some twenty years. Mr. Ira H. Brainerd was elected vice-president; Mr. Douglas Z. Doty, secretary; and Mr. Josiah J. Hazen, assistant treasurer. Mr. Donald Scott continues treasurer of the company. Mr. George Inness, Jr., was elected a trustee to serve with Mr. W. W. Ellsworth and Mr. Ira H. Brainerd.

Following upon Goldwin Smith's "Reminiscences," which his literary executor, Mr. Arnold Haultain, prepared for the press two years ago, Mr. Haultain has now compiled a selection from "The Correspondence of Goldwin Smith." Together with Goldwin Smith's own letters, the volume will include communications which he received from Peel, Gladstone, John Bright, Lord Salisbury, Moncure Conway, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and several others. It will also contain a bibliography of Goldwin Smith's writings.

Fiction writers everywhere will be greatly interested in the announcement just made by the Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago, of a prize of $10,000 to be awarded by them for the best original manuscript of a novel received before September 1 next. The contest is open to everyone. The excellence of the story alone will decide the winner, as the names of the authors will not be known to the committee of judges who will pass upon the manuscripts. The award is to be made within sixty days from the close of the contest, and the prize-winning novel will be published in February of next year.

William Foster Apthorp, one of the best-known of American musical critics, died in Switzerland on February 25. He was born in 1848, studied abroad and completed his education at Harvard. From 1872 to 1877 he had charge of the musical department of the "Atlantic Monthly." Beginning in 1881, and continuing for twenty years, he held the post of musical and dramatic critic of the Boston "Transcript." His publications include: "Musicians and Music Lovers"; "Jacques Damour and Other Stories" (translated from Zola); "By the Way"; and "The Opera, Past and Present." He also edited the three-volume "Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians" published by the Scribners.

Harry Longford Wilson, Professor of Roman Archæology and Epigraphy in the Johns Hopkins University and president of the Archæological Institute of America, died suddenly, of pneumonia, late last month. He was born at Wilton, Ontario, in 1867, and received his education at Queen's University, Canada, and Johns Hopkins University. In 1906–7 he served as professor in the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. In 1908 he was elected a foreign member of the imperial German Archæological Institute. In December, 1912, he was elected president of the Archæological Institute of America. He was author of "The Metaphor in the Epic Poems of P. Papinius Statius" (1898), editor of "The Satires of Juvenal" (1903), and a frequent contributor to various archæological and philological journals.

Announcements of Spring Books.

Herewith we have pleasure in presenting our annual classified List of Books Announced for Spring and Summer Publication. About twelve hundred titles, representing the lists of more than fifty American publishers, are entered here. With the exception of a few technical and medical publications, this list is a fairly complete summary of the Spring publishing season — although it is quite probable that not a few important books will this year, as in past seasons, appear without preliminary heralding.

Biography and Reminiscences.

A Small Boy and Others, by Henry James, with photogravure frontispiece, $2.50 net.—The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones, by Anna de Koven, 2 vols., illus., $5. net.—Maximilian the Dreamer, Holy Roman Emperor, 1495 to 1519, by Christopher Hare, illus., $3. net.—Rose Bertin, creator of fashion at the court of Marie Antoinette, by Emile Langlade, adapted from the French by Dr. Angelo A. S. Rappoport, illus., $3. net.—Composers in Love and Marriage, by J. Cuthbert Hadden, illus., $2.75 net. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Story of My Boyhood and Youth, by John Muir, illus., $2. net.—Michelangelo, a record of his life as told in his own letters and papers, edited by Robert W. Carden, illus., $3. net.—Youth of Henry VIII., by Frank J. Mumby, illus., $3. net.—Guerilla Leaders of the World, by Percy Cross Standing, illus., $1.75 net.—Mohammed the Great Arabian, by Meredith Townsend, 75 cts. net. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

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